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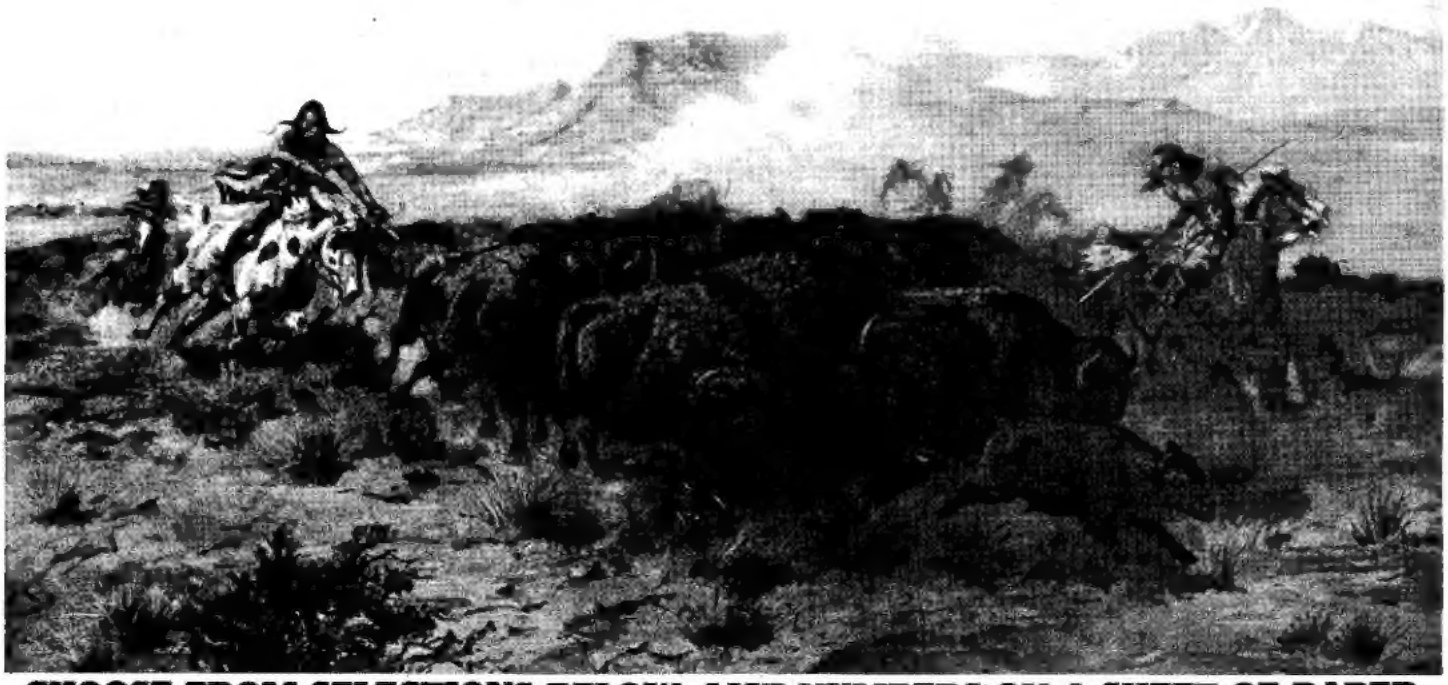
This is #101, "The Buffalo Hunt."



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13⅛x9⅛
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7⅛
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10⅛
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11⅛
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8⅛
11—On the Move, 13⅛x9⅛
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12⅛x8⅛
13—On the Trail, 11x7⅛
14—The Pony Raid, 10⅛x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8⅛
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8⅛
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8⅛
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9⅛
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13⅛x9⅛
21—Carson's Men, 14x9⅛
22—Return of the Warriors, 13⅛x9⅛
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11⅛
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9⅛
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9⅛
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13⅛x9⅛
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8⅛
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8⅛
34—Finding the Trail, 13⅛x9⅛
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8⅛
36—Heading the Right Way, 13⅛x9⅛
37—The Cattle Drive, 13⅛x9⅛
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13⅛x9⅛
40—Indian Love Call, 13⅛x9⅛
41—Jerked Down, 15x8⅛
42—The Jerkline, 14x9⅛
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10⅛x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8⅛
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12⅛x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13⅛x9⅛
48—The Challenge, 10⅛x6⅛
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10⅛x7
52—Prospectors, 10⅛x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10⅛x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9⅛
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8⅛
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8⅛
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8⅛
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11⅛x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8⅛
66—Single Handed, 14x9⅛
67—Slick Ear, 14x11⅛
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x8
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13⅛x8⅛
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13⅛x8⅛
72—In Enemy Country, 13⅛x9⅛
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8⅛
74—Trail's End, 13⅛x9⅛
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9⅛x13⅛
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10⅛x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13⅛x9⅛
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9⅛
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13⅛x9⅛
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13⅛x8⅛
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12⅛x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13⅛x9⅛
88—Wagon Boss, 15x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13⅛x9⅛
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9⅛
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10⅛x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8⅛
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8⅛
96—Wound Up, 11x8⅛
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9⅛
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13⅛x9⅛
102—Cowboy Sport, 13⅛x9⅛
103—A Desperate Stand, 13⅛x9⅛
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13⅛x9⅛
105—Prairie Express, 13⅛x9⅛
106—The Fire Boat, 10⅛x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13⅛x9⅛
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13⅛x9⅛
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10⅛x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13⅛x9⅛

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TONGUE-IN-CHEEK

The Promise Kept (Encino Press, $10.00) by Kurth Sprague with drawings by John Groth could easily be called "Indian Lamentations" as the themes of U. S. broken promises to Indians are presented in poetic form. The Cheyennes of Oklahoma were recipients of many of the deceptions accounted for in this book. The first poem begins with The Fort Sill Officers Open Mess where the diners receive the breezes from Mount Scott, Cache Creek, White Wolf Crossing, Apache Crossing and the sheer igneous ramparts of Medicine Bluff. Comanche Chief Quanah Parker lies buried in a post oak cemetery nearby. Colonel Grierson's 10th Cavalry of Buffalo Soldiers billeted here, and helped tame hostile and wily Satanta and White Bear. Geronimo, the fleet-footed Apache, ended his days at Fort Sill just east of the Wichita Mountain Wildlife Refuge where the visitor may quickly see more deer, elk, antelope, wild turkey and Texas Longhorn cattle than on any other refuge in the nation. One poem, "The Trail of Tears, 1838" describes the sorrowful expulsion of Cherokees from their southern U. S. homeland to Oklahoma Territory. Considerable space is given to the wasteful destruction of the buffalo herds, the Indian's commissary. Also included are the tragic massacre of the Sioux at Wounded Knee, and "Garryowen," an Irish song adopted by the Seventh Cavalry. The book is published in an attractive binding and is beautifully illustrated.

ARIZONIANA

Arizona Towns and Tales by Lowell Parker provides numerous snappy true stories about Indians, soldiers, towns, travelers, mines and settlers that have enlivened the state's history and folklore. Price is $3.50 per copy at the *Arizona Republic* in Phoenix, P. O. Box 2406, 85001; by mail $3.85. The author kicks off with interesting history about Old Fort Bowie in a valley and canyon between the Chiricahua and Dos Cabezas Mountains in southwestern Arizona. He describes the battle of Apache Pass, and other classic events including Lt. George Bascom's blunder when he tried to arrest Chief Cochise. This fiasco tapped off a savage war between whites and Apaches which lasted ten years. There is a chapter on Tom Mix who sped his yellow Cord automobile through detour signs and landed upside-down in Tom Mix Wash about fifteen miles southeast of Florence. Tom was dead when help removed the big Cord auto. Parker includes a brief profile of Tom's life and calls him the greatest movie cowboy of all times. His fans would agree, but many believe Tom to have been a fourflusher, boozer and woman chaser. Included are many stories of famous and infamous people who lived in or passed through Arizona. Some of them are Pearl Hart, the female bandit; Aimee Semple McPherson and her faked abduction; John Dillinger, bandit king; German POWs on the Papago; Apache Kid; the Oatman Massacre; Burt Mossman and the Arizona Rangers; riders of Arizona's camel caravan and many others. We were surprised to see the Great Diamond Hoax transplanted from three corners of Wyoming, Utah and Colorado to Arizona. These are only a few of the sparkling stories found in the book. Recommended.

MOTHER LODE LORE

Craig McDonald recalls much forgotten California history in his *Ghost Town Glimpses* (Anthelion Press, Inc., $2.95). The author traipsed around miscellaneous ghost towns in the Mother Lode country east of the Sierras and on to the south end around Randsburg and the old Skidoo Mine in sultry Death Valley. Many of these old towns are dead, but some such as Randsburg are partially alive with senior citizens. In 1851 Reverend Robert James of Missouri left his parish to seek gold in the Mother Lode and to escape the acid tongue of his wife Zerelda. Arriving in Hangtown, the 32-year-old reverend began finding pay dirt. From Hangtown James wrote his wife news of his find. Suddenly he died of a fever and was buried by friends. Months later homebound miners told Zerelda about her husband's death. A few years later two of Zerelda's sons promised to go to Hangtown and provide a proper marker for the reverend's grave. The James brothers made a fruitless trip to Hangtown to try to find the father's burial place. They returned to Missouri and became famous highwaymen known as Jesse and Frank James. This is but one of McDonald's interesting stories about California ghost towns. Several obscure pictures and the fine print in the chapters detract from an otherwise revealing book.

TRAPPER TRAIL

The fur trade—the demand for beaver and other skins—brought California its first boom. In the 1820s, twenty years before the Gold Rush, trappers and traders of the Hudson's Bay Company pioneered a route from their headquarters at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River (now in the state of Washington) south to San Francisco to enable them to trap the streams and sloughs of northern California—the last untrapped beaver kingdom on the continent. The trail they pushed through the wilderness was a long, rugged and dangerous one up the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys; across the Siskiyou Mountains that were described by one of the early travelers as "Alp upon Alp"; then along the Klamath River and down the Sacramento Valley to San Francisco Bay. This became the Siskiyou Trail, used by trappers from the 1820s to the early 1840s. From a foot and horse trail it became a wagon road, a highway, and finally the roadbed for the railway from Oregon to California. Pioneer mountain men such as Jedediah Smith, Peter Skene Ogden, Michael Laframboise and a host of other adventurers blazed the trail. Their explorations, discoveries, encounters and incredible hardships are told in thrilling detail by Richard Dillon in *Siskiyou Trail: The Hudson's Bay Company Route to California* (McGraw Hill, $9.95). This is the twelfth volume in *The American Trail Series.*

CLEARING THE PLAINS

The Buffalo War (Doubleday, $7.95) by James L. Haley, is a history of the War of 1874-75 between the United States Government and the South Plains Indian tribes. Cheyenne, Comanche, and Kiowa endured many injustices as the white men ignored laws and ran roughshod over government treaties and Indian rights. It was the slaughter of the buffalo—source of food, clothing, shelter and tools to the Plains redmen—by the devastating hide hunters and trespass of the hunters deep into Indian territory that finally triggered the War. Warrior chiefs won support against the peace chiefs who sought to live without bloodshed, albeit at the cost of frequent humiliation and double-cross. Lone Wolf, principal chief of the Kiowas, said, "I want peace—have worked hard for it—kept my young men from raiding—followed the instructions Washington gave me—Washington has deceived me—. And now there is nothing left but war. I know that war with Washington means the extinction of my people, but we are driven to it. We had rather die than live." And so they fought valiantly from the Cap Rock of the Texas high plains across the Panhandle to Oklahoma, north into Kansas, and south to central Texas. Beginning with the Battle of Adobe Walls, the battles included the Lost Valley Fight, the Anadarko Fight, the Miles Expedition and Battle of Red River, the Lone Tree Massacre and the German Kidnappings, the Battles of Lyman's Wagon Train and

(Continued on page 62)

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historic value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The la Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP	The Old Bookaroos	1
COWPOKE HUSTLER	Nat Henderson	3
TRULY WESTERN		4
THE HOLLYWOOD POSSE	Diana Serra Cary	6
MYSTERY OF WOLF CREEK POINT	Joe H. Smith	11
A SENSE OF JUSTICE	William T. Cowan/Alice C. Coleman	12
WYOMING HORSES AND MULES	"Old Cowboy" Ed Wright	14
JIM BULLARD, THE AVENGER	Dan Rose/Annie Dyer Nunn	16
WE'LL MISS THOSE OLD EXPRESS COMPANIES	John H. Conlin	19
REINCARNATION IN WALLA WALLA	Larry Waldron	20
THE LOST CANNON OF HERNAN CORTES	Ford Green	22
WHEN THE BUCK GANG RODE	C. H. McKennon	24
THE CAPTURE OF PEG LEG	Arthur Clements	29
GEORGETOWN'S HOTEL DE PARIS	Josephine Robertson	30
WILD OLD DAYS		32
NO MEDALS FOR MEN OR BEASTS	Roberta M. Starry	36
TRAILS GROWN DIM		49

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Cowpoke Hustler

If you've no time to look cruddy, no sweat: Ace Reid can help!

BY NAT HENDERSON

Courtesy the Austin American-Statesman

THE RENOWNED "Cowpokes" cartoonist, Ace Reid of Kerrville, Texas, has started selling cowboy hats full of sweat for $25 each.

Ace, whose wonderfully cruddy cowboys, swayback horses and mangy steers have brought laughter to people around the world, has stampeded his imagination again.

The idea is so cruddy that only Ace has the genius to think of it. He's putting a presweated Western hat on the market for customers who like their lids well stomped and well seasoned.

Ace calls it the Cowpoke Hustler after his "Cowpokes" cartoons. He got the idea when he rode to Austin in his motorcar to get his own hat cleaned at Texas Hatters.

"Some hippies came in while I was there, and they paid about $35 for a hat called The Dude," Ace says. "They took it outside, beat the devil out of it, rubbed it in the ground and decided it was dirty enough to wear with their $40 faded Levi's."

Ace adds, "I don't know where they get their money. The son-of-a-bucks won't work, but they want their clothes to look like they've been worked in."

All the new Dude needed to look worn was sweat stains, and Ace knew he had an ace in the hole if he could figure out a way to manufacture brand new old hats.

"I had a Hollywood director staying at my house, and I asked him how they made the cowboy hats look old in the movies. He told me how. The process is simple, but I ain't going to tell you what it is," Ace says.

Ace fixed three new hats to look old before being worn. "I found some hippies on the highway in Kerrville, and I took them to a beer joint where we could talk. I showed them a hat and asked if they would pay 25 bucks for a hat like that, and they all said, 'You bet we would,'" Ace relates.

He continues, "When I showed them the band of sweat on the hat, you know what they asked me? They said, 'Could you come out with a T-shirt which already has sweat stains under the armpits?'"

Ace, confident his Cowpoke Hustler will sell like hotcakes because it is so stylish, says, "We spend billions on diet foods to keep from getting fat. I'm selling sweat, because there's a market for it."

American Hat Company at Houston is making the Cowpoke Hustler for Reid. The originals made a hit at a recent Fort Worth show; subsequent showings also were favorable.

"The hat seems to be popular everywhere but Fredericksburg," Ace says. "I showed it to a man there, and he said, 'Some pore old farmer wore it so long it just played out.'"

Ace adds, "When I told him that hat has never been on a head, he sort of got mad. You know, those Germans in Fredericksburg like to work and make their own sweat."

Ace, a fabulous card since he started drawing all those great raunchy hands in his "Cowpoker" business, now holds a winning hat nobody has to beat.

After the work's all done this fall, Ace probably will figure out a way to round up new cowboy boots which look as if they've already walked through the cow lot. He's bullish on American cowpokes.

BULL BEEFMASTER FOR CONGRESS
HONEST UPRIGHT
YOU NAME IT I'LL PROMISE IT
THE FARMERS FRIEND
NO PROMISE LEFT UNTOLD
A VOTE FOR BULL MEANS MORE MONEY FOR FARMERS, RANCHERS, OLD FOLKS, YOUNG FOLKS AND CONGRESSMEN!
BULL IS FOR LOWER TAXES
MORE RAIN, LESS DUST
WE NEED BULL IN CONGRESS
GEO. ROSS
AUSTIN

"I shore look for a warm, windy summer the way that hot air is already blowin' in from Washington."

Taken from **More Cowpokes** by Ace Reid

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Truly Western

The Evanston Cowboys

In the December issue of TRUE WEST, Ray Eddy inquired about a photograph of "The Evanston Cowboys." We use your magazines in my Literature of the West class at Evanston High School and the class seemed to be quite interested. I followed up with the inquiry and came up with a couple of copies of the same photo in the hands of some old-timers here. Enclosed is the result of my findings. There are many people here who read your publications and have asked about the picture. Here it is as told by one of those who knew the photo and the people in it, Charles Guild.

I guess I was more disappointed than most that Butch Cassidy was not in the picture, but there are certainly some colorful people in it, not to mention some unique stories.

According to Mr. Guild:

Back row standing left to right: John Guild, Tom Anson, Tude Herford, Ben Seaton, H. Criteter, S. Carter, Will Harvey, C. Earley, Charlie Ingersoll, Allie Ingersoll and Ruben Ingersoll.

Seated middle: Gavin Barr, George Guild, Rob Hamilton, Willie Byrne, Dick Jones (long hair), G. Butler, Eddie Byrne, Tom Casto, - - - Stevens.

Front row seated on floor: Frank Byrne (blurred out of published photo), J. Edmunson, Will Stoll, Percy Allen, Oscar Quinn, George Herford, Albert Byrne and Joe Smith.

Lying in front: Bob Caverley.

According to Charles Guild, on July 4, 1887 Buffalo Bill brought his Wild West Show to the frontier town of Evanston, Wyoming. With it came the rumor that Bill Cody was always looking for new talent in the form of riders, sharpshooters and trick acts associated with the West. The rumor attracted every young cowboy for a hundred miles, each hoping to be discovered by the great Buffalo Bill, so that he could achieve success and the "American Dream." That was the occasion that brought together this group of young ranch boys to the Baker and Johnson photograph studio eighty-nine years ago.

A Uinta County old-timer, Lew (or Lou) Ingersoll carried this picture through half a century, because three of his older brothers were in it—Charlie, Allie, and Ruben—standing at the far right of the picture. The names of the other cowboys are not entirely lost, for they still exist here in the Uinta County area. These people are not without stories but probably nothing as glamorous as Butch Cassidy.

The long-haired man in the middle of the photograph was a lumberman named Dick Jones. He was not an eccentric, nor was he in vogue. He simply refused to have his hair cut after his barber died. He was sixteen then, and his barber was his sister. He vowed that he would never get it cut again. People say Dick used to wear a high-crowned Stetson. Instead of letting the hair hang down his back, he would pile it atop his head and replace the hat. He never married; I guess we don't much wonder why. Dick's hair was always rather ratty, and the juices from his "chew" ran through his whiskers and down his chin.

Dick owned a small ranch in Bridger Valley at the time he died. He was in Evanston then, under the care of Mrs. Goodrick. She attended to Dick after he kicked a table and broke his leg, or hip, while on one of his frequent drunks. Her reward for the two years' work was Dick's ranch. His reward was a haircut at the hands of Mrs. Goodrick, who performed the task while Dick Jones slept. The next day he went to the barber shop and had it cut in fashion. Not too long afterwards, Uinta County's original hippie died. He was buried in the Fort Bridger cemetery.

Butch Cassidy? The man who is lying in the front is not Butch Cassidy, although his face bears a remarkable resemblance to Cassidy. He was a gunman from Texas by the name of Bob Caverley, who was brought in by Judge Carter and worked alternately as a cowboy for the Carter Livestock Company and a deputy sheriff. Caverley was a big man, who stood about 6' 5" and weighed nearly 300 pounds. They claim he was extremely mean and at times had a tendency to go berserk. After leaving Evanston, he went to Diamondville near Kemmerer and was arrested for beating his wife quite viciously.

The boy who is lying at the bottom side on the right is Joe Smith. Notice he is hiding his right foot. If this foot were showing, we could notice that it was half missing. Some say the foot was shot off, while others claim it had been torn off. Still other people claim it was the result of a birth defect. Whatever the cause, he had only part of his right foot.

Third from the right on the bottom row is George Herford. He is the great-grandfather of the Hickey family who settled the Lone Tree, Wyoming area. George was one of the finest horsemen around and he claimed he could ride anything he could put a saddle on. George's brother Tude is standing third from the left. He too was a real horseman. Had Bill Cody been looking for riders for his show, certainly these two would have been the first to go.

Third from the left in the middle is Rob Hamilton. Rob's mother was a Shoshone and his family on the Hamilton side was made up of half-brothers and half-sisters. Rob would be a great-uncle to the Hamiltons of Mountain View. Word has it tha

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Rob was a real bronc stomper too, and could ride with the best.

One of the most interesting characters in the photograph is Eddie Byrne. He is the seated man third from the right. In his youth he was taken by a band of Sioux and two years later was returned by the Shoshone Chief Washakie. He was tough and pretty mean in spite of being small. The story is told that once Eddie got into a brawl at Fort Bridger with an army officer. He was arrested and taken before Judge Carter. The judge fined the young cowboy five dollars. Byrne put down the five dollars and placed another five beside it. When Judge Carter asked what the other five was for, Eddie replied, "Cause, Judge, I'm gonna hit that s-o-b again!" Eddie later served as a deputy in Uinta County and later moved to Buel, Idaho, where he became mayor.

Bill Casto owned a saloon in Fort Bridger. His brother Tom is in the picture and Mr. Eddy's photo is probably the one that hung in Bill Casto's bar. I cannot account for how it got to San Francisco, but this would be an explanation of how Bill's name got on the back.

We know that Butch Cassidy was arrested in Uinta County on his way to Star Valley. We also know that Cassidy and some of the Wild Bunch planned the robbery of the Montpelier, Idaho bank. But all of this action took place ten years or so after the picture was taken.—Mike Anderson, 501 18th Street, Evanston, Wyoming 82930

Delmas Pickens

In the August '64 issue of TRUE WEST you had a story entitled "The Bogus Gold Rush" on page 47. It was written by Delmas Pickens, a cousin of my family of whom we have not heard in many years. I am compiling a family history of sorts and in the process am trying to contact as many family members as I can. Delmas' mother was my father's older sister. The family came to Missoula, Montana in 1889 via covered wagon from Mitchell, Nebraska. This was the James Morgan Graves family. I'll appreciate any help with the whereabouts of Delmas Pickens.

We enjoy your publications very much. We find historic information on many places of interest to us that we have never seen anything written about anywhere else.—Virginia Graves Broden, 3607 West Central Place, Olympia Washington 98501

We are forwarding Mr. Pickens' last known address.

Mystery Photo Number Nine

In answer to "Do You Know These Folks?" in the February '76 issue, I am certain that the two boys playing mandolins in the picture #9 are Moleski and Pulaski. I forget the Moleski boy's first name but Anthony Pulaski became my brother-in-law. Both of these boys passed away a few years ago. They traveled with a circus as cornet players in the circus band sometime between 1907 and 1910. Both boys played several wind instruments, several string instruments and Anthony Pulaski played a violin exceptionally well. He had a violin for which he paid $1,000.

During 1910 we organized a string band up in Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania, the anthracite coal region. My younger brother, another fellow and I were the only boys not of Polish ancestry. Anthony Pulaski played both violin and mandolin as needed; we had four guitar players, including me; eight mandolins, and a young lady, sister of one of the guitar players, sang the selections we played.

We kept the band going until about 1914. We played melodious music in those days and no sweeter music than a string band could be played for a sweet waltz dance. We played for dances, weddings, etc. and usually received a bonus. None of our guitars or mandolins cost over $6.00 each. In fact, the gourd-shaped mandolins only cost from $1.50 to $3.00. The Gibson flat mandolins cost quite a price—usually from $15.00 up.

As WWI was on, another group of fellows organized a string band in Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania and bought all Gibson instruments. The competition put the original Mt. Carmel String Band out of business, but we continued to play for house parties, etc. In the end the band broke up as members left town for better jobs.

I am certain that Moleski and Anthony

(Continued on page 46)

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THE HOLLYWOOD

BY DIANA SERRA CARY

Photos Courtesy Author

From the book
THE HOLLYWOOD POSSE: The Story of a Gallant Band of Horsemen Who Made Movie History
by
Diana Serra Cary
published by
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Company, Boston.
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Above: Jack Montgomery, left, helps cowboy Tom Mix shove the bad guys around in this still from a silent Western made at Mixville in early 1920. Right: Ranger Jack Montgomery and his 21-year-old wife, Marian, descending Arizona's Grand Canyon on the Mormon Trail in 1919.

Here's to the men who risked their necks while we cheered them on with popcorn!

After 1912, when the great cattle empires began to crumble, hundreds of seasoned American cowboys found themselves jobless, their riding skills apparently worthless. Then, in one of history's unpredictable surprises, a handful of discarded horsemen stumbled onto an entirely new frontier in—of all places—Hollywood.

***DIANA SERRA CARY* dates her knowledge of Hollywood back to the two-reeler days when she was the famed child-star "Baby Peggy." Much of her youth was spent working and riding with the cowboys about whom she writes.**

IF MANY of the cowboys were happily surprised to discover Hollywood, producers and directors were equally delighted to encounter cowboys. For a decade or more, big name directors like Thomas Ince, D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille had needed exactly what the cowboys had to offer.

De Mille stumbled upon Hollywood in 1912. Bringing a trainload of actors west to Flagstaff, he planned to film there his first motion picture, *The Squaw Man*. But the Arizona landscape did not match up to the scenery he had in mind, so he re-embarked the entire company on the Santa Fe and rode to the end of the line. In Hollywood he rented a barn on the corner of Vine Street and Selma, but from the outset he found himself short of one commodity which, for all its other unquestionable advantages, Hollywood seemed unable to supply. Pretty girls to play ingenues could be had by the score. Experienced actors and actresses, finally willing to risk appearing in movies using the same stage names under which they had risen to theatrical fame, were his for the asking. As for ordinary extras to mill around in the background, entire armies presented themselves at the studio door each morning, begging to be given a crack at grease paint and glory.

But what De Mille and his counterparts had to have to stay in business was a sizable band of expert horsemen. Moreover, these riders must be wholly without fear, nerveless enough to execute the most perilous stunt, fall, chase or battle

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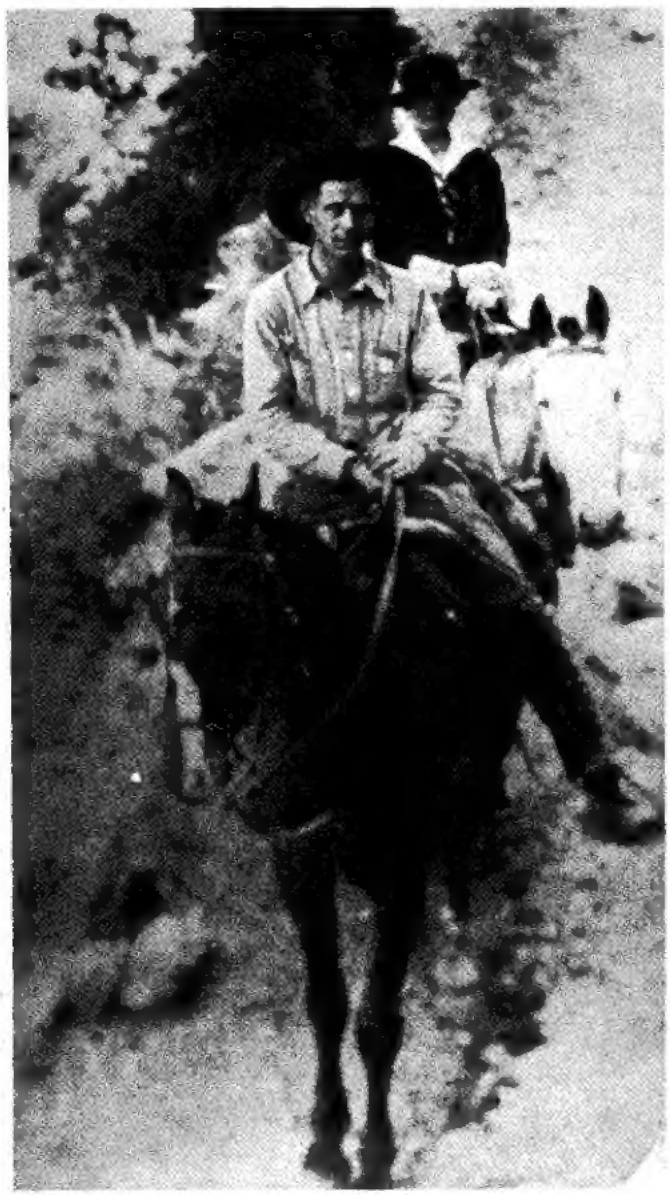
POSSE



scenes the imagination of a De Mille or Griffith could conceive. Assuming directors might locate such a singular group, there were two more conditions still to be met: one, the men must be *chronically unemployed* and thereby employable at a minute's notice; and two, willing to gamble their lives, on a day to day basis, for whatever the studio heads decided they could afford to pay.

But where in this hamlet of only five thousand souls, most of whom were Iowa farmers and retired millionaires, could the great directors hope to find men to match their manuscripts?

Gradually it became known that a small colony of genuine cowboys, floating free or drifting through Hollywood, gathered in a small café they had made their headquarters. Studios began finding ways to get the word to the Waterhole when they needed the services of seasoned horsemen. Some, like Thomas Ince, sent around a stand-by car to the Waterhole, knowing riders could be found there at almost any hour. It worked out well for both sides, for that way the cowboys could put their otherwise idle hours to profit, playing poker, and still be on hand if a job should materialize.

Universal came up with another primitive but ingenious way of holding cowboys in an available labor pool. They installed a large pen, fenced with wire, just inside the studio gates. Here, riders looking for picture work could pass an hour or an entire day, as they wished, awaiting the momentary appearance of a director in need of them.

"You just stake out your claim early in the morning," Bill Gillis told Jack Montgomery, my father, when the Mixville job ended. "And you wait 'til some director finds out the script calls for cowboys. Hell, Jack, some of these people shoot with no script at all—or with just a vague notion. They don't even know they're going to need riders until they get right on top of a scene."

Slim Whittaker also told Jack about the Sunset Barn, which was located on Sunset Boulevard just a block or so from the Waterhole. It was the place where picture people, and especially cowboy stars, stabled their favorite horses.

"You'll get tagged a 'corral buzzard' for hanging around over there, but nobody ever died of it. Besides, if you're perched on a rail when somebody important comes 'round to pick up his horse, there just may be a job for you—as a double or stunt man. Happens all the time."

JACK dropped around the Sunset Barn to get acquainted, but it was Universal's hiring tank where he was picked to stunt in a Neal Hart serial. That job opened to him the marvels of Carl Laemmle's fabled Universal City. If Mixville had seemed a functional little spread, Universal was impressive beyond any other Hollywood studio.

The lot covered two hundred and thirty acres (more than twice the size of Mr. Wilcox's original Hollywood) and it was a city in more than name alone. It boasted its own police force, fire department and street-cleaning crew, all nattily uniformed with "Universal City" emblazoned on tunic and helmet. There were libraries, greenhouses, schools, a hospital, mills, shops, forges, and an immense reservoir. A special spur of the Southern Pacific ran right onto the lot. The two great restaurants could serve twelve hundred people between them, and the barns and corrals seemed endless. The tack room had enough gear to put the entire U.S. Cavalry in the field, together with an Indian army to fight it. In the big actors' lounge, cowboys could be seen at all hours, playing cards at the round tables before the red brick fireplace.

There were three or four mammoth stages, eighty dressing rooms, and vast prop departments. Behind the stages and wardrobe sprawled the outdoor sets. Here were the sad-eyed brownstone fronts and brick tenements of the New York street. Beyond were the narrow lanes and slate roofs of Paris, where Lon Chaney was to make *The Phantom of the Opera* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

The Western street lay farther still, and then miles of open country beyond. Here Universal's great herds of horses, mules, sheep and cattle by the hundreds grazed when not being used for picture work. The big buff-colored knoll that formed a backdrop for the lot also doubled as a handy location for Westerns, less than ten minutes from the front office. It was an everyday occurrence to look up and see a band of outlaws in hot pursuit

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of a careening stagecoach, or Indians chasing a lumbering covered wagon around the flanks of this little hill.

Unlike Mixville, where only one Western star reigned as king, Universal was an empire with half a dozen white-hatted heroes dividing the honors and the profits with owner Carl Laemmle. And out here the stars as well as the riding extras were genuine cowboys rather than showmen like Tom Mix.

Neal Hart, whose "Blue Streak" serials had won him the title "America's Pal," had been a cowpuncher in Wyoming before coming to Hollywood. Jack found Neal a stocky, fearless all-around hand, who had broken into movies via a brief stint with the Wild West Show circuit. He had gotten his first big break at Universal in 1916 in a Jack Holt Western. Later he became a star on his own. Jack Montgomery's job as a double for the heavy in this serial was the start of a lifelong friendship between the two men.

ED HENDERSHOT was out at Universal, too, working with Hoot Gibson. Gibson was himself a holder of the coveted title of World Champion Cowboy, won at the Calgary Stampede at a time when that title still meant a good deal. After a brief stint at ranch life in Nebraska, Hoot had cut his theatrical teeth on the rodeo circuit. He was a fantastic horseman and trick-rider, and showman enough to realize the importance of making his stunts look every bit as dangerous to the patron in the last row of bleachers as they actually were close up. He was among the greatest of the so-called "Roman Riders"—a man who could stand astride the backs of two horses racing at full speed around the arena.

Hoot eventually landed a job with Dick Stanley's traveling circus that, when the troupe played in Los Angeles in 1910, accepted a studio offer to appear as extras in a Western sequence. Upon completion of the job, the seedy little circus moved on, but Gibson decided to remain with the studio, and Westerns were never the same again. People at Universal told the story of a director who offered the fearless Gibson an extra five dollars if he would allow himself to be dragged by a running horse. Hoot shot back, "Make it ten and I'll let him kick me to death!"

But without question, the roughest of them all was Art Acord. He was Universal's top star at that time, and the one whose background qualified him to be rated as the cowboy's cowboy. Born in Stillwell, Oklahoma in 1890, when it was still known as Indian Territory, he was a seasoned ranch hand who had worked all over the West. He was considered—even above Hoot Gibson—as the greatest all-around rodeo champ who ever lived. He was equally expert at trick-riding, bulldogging steers, and calf-roping and was one of the three men who had ever stayed aboard the notorious bronc Cyclone past the timer's gun. Acord made an early series of Westerns under the name of Buck Farvin; then in 1912 De Mille gave him a leading role in *The Squaw Man* which catapulted him to fame.

Jack quickly became friends with both Neal and Hoot, but had not had the opportunity to meet Acord until one day when Neal's company finished shooting early. As Jack started to leave the set, he was hailed by old Bill Gillis.

"Hey, Monty! You've been wantin' to meet Art Acord. Well, I'm workin' on the Western street with him and a Mexican knife-thrower, Ortega. I just never seen any man so quick and true with a knife as that chili-dipper, and I've seen plenty in my time."

As they strolled over to the Western street, the conversation turned to Art's character and it turned out that Gillis had known him since he was a green kid on his first ranch job.

"Absolutely no man quite like him," Gillis told Jack. "Why, I once seen a bronc take him right through a six strand barbed-wire fence, and I mean they was wrapped up together like a Christmas package. But damn if Art didn't stop that bronc, get them both unwound, and when he got back to the barn he did as good a job of patchin' that poor pony as any vet could have done."

Warming to his subject, Gillis continued, "Why, I've seen him without no clothes and I swear there ain't a patch of hide on him bigger'n a silver dollar that don't have a knife wound or gunshot scar, or some other kind of brand. Art packs a mark of violence for every one of his thirty-one years."

They found the company between scenes, but just as Gillis started over with Jack to introduce him, three bus loads of tourists pulled in and a horde of chattering women from some out-of-state convention piled out and descended upon the set.

"Holy cats!" Gillis groaned. "Here comes another herd of them heifers in high heels. Art hates them studio tours like the Devil hates Holy Water. We better wait 'til they leave. He'll be in no mood for meetin' anybody while they're on the set."

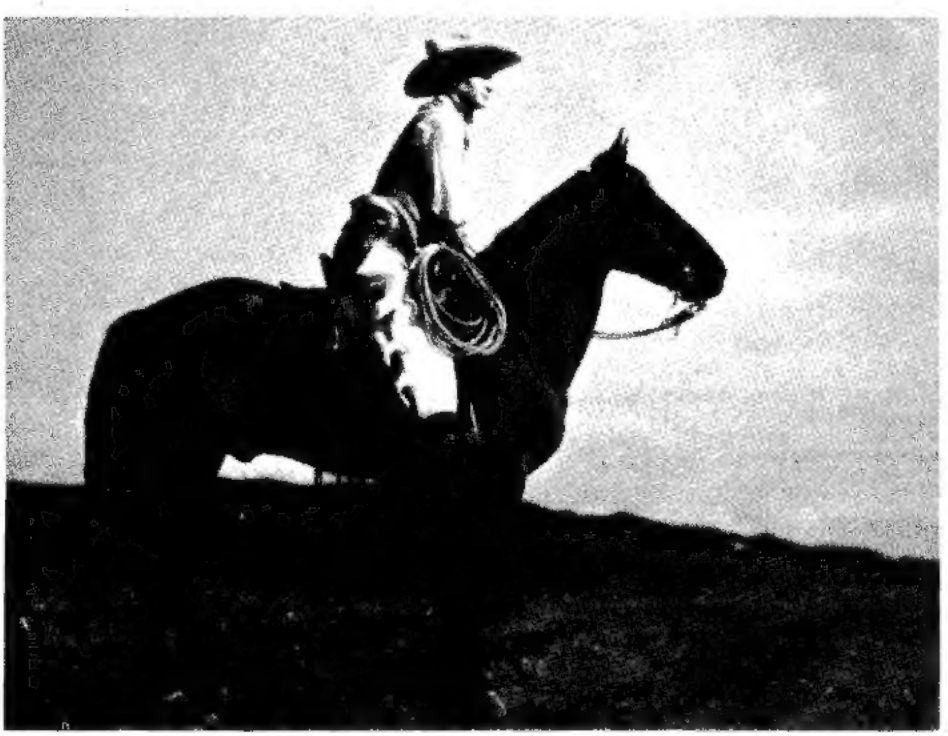
Jack was already familiar with Universal's studio tours, which the tourists loved, but everyone else on the lot found terribly annoying. Everybody had at one time or another complained to "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, but to no avail. Universal's creator was not a man to be argued with: people in Hollywood called him Uncle Carl because an astonishing proportion of his employees were related to him either by blood or by marriage. He had come to America from Germany, a desperately poor youth, but even after becoming many times a millionaire, he still knew the value of a nickel. Recently he had come up with a scheme which at that time was without precedent in Hollywood. He installed runways or suspended viewing ramps on every stage where, for twenty-five cents a head, visitors could tour the studio and "actually *see* the movies being made." "Besides," he crowed, "people will pay me to publicize my own pictures!"

The tour guide would come barging onto a set without warning, followed by a gabbling crowd of sightseers, and launch into his spiel: "And here on the left you see the Neal Hart company making a Western movie . . ."

"The tourists are driving us all crazy!" Neal had protested to Uncle Carl. "The tin horn guides yelling at the top of their lungs, and the tourists calling out for autographs right in the middle of a scene! How can we work?"

Even Universal's bus system was enlisted to transport visitors to outdoor sets. But since the tours were Uncle Carl's

Jack Montgomery in 1925 when he doubled for actor Ronald Colman in the riding sequences of *THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH*, Gary Cooper's first film. The Mexican horse, "Chapo," later won fame as Rudolph Valentino's mount in *THE EAGLE*.



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Above: Child star "Baby Peggy" in 1921 as she appeared in the two-reel comedy *PEG OF THE MOUNTIES*. The midget Mexican horse, "Tim," stood only thirty-six inches tall. Left: Three-year-old Baby Peggy is shown with cowboy extra Jack Dawn.

brainstorm, good-neighbor policy, and sugar bowl combined, there was nothing anyone could do to rid the studio of them.

Jack was surprised to find Art Acord considerably shorter than he appeared on the screen, but he was as solidly built as a brick wall, and he had the typical cowboy's squared eyelids, pistol-butt nose and sharply defined jawline. He was dressed in authentic Levi's and blue work shirt, with a .45 slung butt forward on his left hip. Sizing him up, as he lounged against the entrance of the saloon, Jack could see why Bill Gillis had once described him as "a man who's packed a gun so long he stands slanchways."

IT worried my mother when Jack came home with a different kind of gimp each night. Once it was a cracked collarbone, then a fractured wrist from a leap off a barroom balcony. Even the famous cowboy star's horse, Tony, had to have a double—something on which Mix himself insisted and Jack was riding this horse one day when his most serious injury at Mixville took place. Tony's double trotted under an overhanging tree and the villain's double dropped down on the horse and rider from above. Jack could almost feel his spinal column crunch under the impact.

After the ensuing scuffle with the heavy's substitute, Jack had trouble getting to his feet, but he was finally able to walk away. The self-diagnosis usually ran, "Feels like I busted a gut," or "I must have popped a vertebra that time!" But for none of these injuries was he ever X-rayed. The collar-bone was taped solely to enable him to get through a similar stunt the next day without doing any further damage. (As for his vertebrae, it was discovered years later that they *had* been cracked but had apparently healed themselves.)

Despite these hazards, Jack felt there was a temporary future for him as a double and stunt man. There were lots of heroes and heavies to double, and if he kept it up and survived the falls, he might not have to wait too long for that windfall the cowboys were always praying for. Maybe in only a couple of years he could have enough saved to buy a little spread of his own, where he could run maybe a hundred cows, and raise steers for market.

To the cowboys who worked, rode and played with men like Gibson, Acord and Neal Hart, a Western star was just another man who had to step into his pants each morning. They were neither awed by his fame nor dazzled by his wealth, although certainly the genuine cowboy stars who had made it big were more than generous. In our own home gimpy cowboys out of work or otherwise in need were commonplace, and my father never sent them away empty-handed. A five- or fifty-dollar loan was given as a gift until circumstance permitted repayment.

Their evaluation of Western stars was the key to how they would survive their years in Hollywood. Those White Hats who claimed authentic range backgrounds might fool girl friends, the front office and fans, as Hank Bell used to say, but the cowboys who rode in their shadow could read them better than anyone else alive. They observed the hero under fire, confronted by the daily challenge of the job and the nightly pitfalls of fame. They would pursue generations of such big names, eating stardust as they followed each new White Hat's fortune from his first big break to the last fade-out in the final frame of a long and precarious career. Pressured by producers, directors, bad horses, leading ladies and ex-wives, a cowboy star might appear to hold his own, but there was not one whose boot was so fancily stitched it could hide its owner's clay feet from the men in the posse. They had only one yardstick by which to judge any man, from the greenest juvenile to the most powerful director, and that was: "Is he the kind of man you'd want to ride the river with?"

That seemingly poetic phrase was loaded with significance, for it summed up all the probing questions to be answered if one were to learn a man's true character. Was he trustworthy, or would he dry-gulch you in some arroyo for your horse, your saddle or your poke? How did he treat his horse? On a long trail was he a hazard or an asset, a gunsil or a good hand? Would he stand by you, or quit when the chips were down?

Not surprisingly, very few Western stars over the years measured up to this code, or were accepted into the ranks of real cowboys. I remember Hank Bell's distinctive appraisal of William S. Hart, who was then regarded by everyone outside the small coterie of cowboys as a genuine frontiersman.

"Bill Hart's all ham, and melodrama is his middle name. He can put on that dome of a hat, and deck hisself out in a bandanna as big as a Harvey House tablecloth, but he ain't no hand." Actually, Hart had been discovered by Thomas Ince when he was playing the villain Messala in a road-show version of *Ben Hur*. "He's got the conscience of a Puritan elder," Hank opined one day after working on a Hart movie. "And about as much sex appeal as a Joshua tree. Besides, he's always suckin' on a stick of alum between takes, and that's how he gets his face all puckered up and solemn-lookin' come shootin' time."

Among the later stars, John Wayne was universally respected and liked by the cowboys, not because he was one of them, which he never claimed to be, but because he never pulled rank on them, fraternizing sincerely on the job and over cards.

SIMILARLY, famous directors were popular or not, depending on how

Above left: Al Jennings, sole survivor of the famous Jennings Gang, in his favorite portrait. Autographing his pictures as "The Outlaw" was a source of pride to him. Above right: Leo McMahon, playing a Western lead in the late 1930s. When his riding career was ended by a near-fatal runaway accident, he turned to a second career as a screenwriter, specializing in Western films.

their performance measured up to the cowboys' code. James Cruze, Raoul Walsh and John Ford were unanimously respected and admired by the group from the very outset of their relationship. But one director whom the cowboys would start out disliking and end up despising was the man on whom, ironically, they were most dependent for their livelihood throughout their decades in Hollywood. His name was Cecil B. De Mille.

The historic disaffection between De Mille and the cowboys was rooted in their antipodal attitudes toward life, men, and horses. It was Hollywood's oldest, deadliest and yet least-publicized feud, for I have never met anyone outside of the cowboys' intimate circle or families who was even aware of its existence. But Hank Bell and Jack Padjan were on the set that day in 1923 when the opening shots of the long battle were fired, and Jack Montgomery and Neal Hart would work on the same location spot many years later when the smoldering fuse finally came to flash point.

A few outriders of the Hollywood cowboys had worked for De Mille in his earlier, less flamboyant days. Others had put in some light riding in his subsequent Westerns, but the first time they were ever hired by De Mille as a distinct group was on *The Ten Commandments*. This initial encounter between the intransigent tyrant and the fiercely independent cowboys could hardly escape being historic.

De Mille needed crack riders, and at least six hundred of them, to bring to life his version of the pursuit of the Israelites by Pharaoh's armies. But Hollywood at that time did not yet have even a hundred men to put into the field, so *De Mille hired every cowboy available*, and then picked up another two hundred riders from the San Jose area. Through his military contacts he was able to obtain three hundred field artillerymen from a San Francisco army post, plus two troops of Eleventh State Cavalry and a battery of field artillery from the Presidio at Monterey.

The field artillerymen were, of course, famed for their ability to deploy horse-drawn caissons over parade grounds and execute drills in which teams and caissons performed flawlessly at a dead run. Most professional horse shows and rodeos of that era featured just such exhibitions by trained drill teams, which were marvels of precision and timing.

By contrast, the cowboys were masters of independent action, capable of split-second decisions and instant reaction in any dangerous free-for-all where men and horses mixed. Besides their totally divergent approaches to similar situations, it was common knowledge that ever since before the West was won, the wild, unfettered frontiersman and the strict, order-bound trooper had gotten along about as cordially as a bull and a bear. They went at riding, fighting and even living from completely antipathetic points of view. De Mille, however, had an instinctive affinity for the army and its system. An authoritarian himself, he admired and adopted its style.

Thousands of dollars were spent researching everything from Persian armor to recent archaeological discoveries of Tutankhamen's tomb. Designer Claire West was given a free hand to conjure up thousands of costumes. De Mille ordered three hundred chariots constructed for the great pursuit of the Israelites by the cruel Pharaoh's hosts. This, the publicity office stated unequivocally, was "the largest order placed for chariots in 1,700 years!"

De Mille dispatched a studio scout to find the finest team of horses money could buy to draw Pharaoh's chariot. The scout picked up a magnificent pair of matched black stallions in Kansas City, and C. B. sent the bill—for five thousand dollars—to his bankers. They screamed. When he announced his grandiose plans for location sites they screamed again. But De Mille defended his expenditures with unassailable arguments. For example, he had passed out Bibles to every member of the company, saying, "As I intend to film the entire Book of Exodus, the Bible should never be far away from you." He also listed as indispensable the orchestra (under the direction of his childhood friend, Rudolph Berliner) which he had hired to play suitable religious and martial airs on the set, inspiring the necessary sentiments of piety and valor in the breasts of some seven thousand extras.

AT the last minute Adolph Zukor, who held the purse strings, flatly refused to accede to De Mille's request that he be allowed to film the Exodus in Egypt and use the original Palestinian background for the pursuit of the Israelites through the Red Sea.

A dreary expanse of sand dunes at the beach in Santa Maria, California was quite a comedown as a location site, but De Mille was determined to make it every bit as authentic and colorful as the real thing. Here on the windswept, gritty dunes he created a vast, teeming tent city that he named Camp De Mille. Twenty-five hundred people and some fifty thousand animals were reported to have gone by train from Hollywood to Camp De Mille by the beginning of May 1923. Everything was run army style, under the coordination of one Captain Barton, whose credentials for the job were nothing less than six years' experience with the American Army of Occupation in Europe.

Dozens of tents housed the extras (men and women slept and ate in separate quarters), bootleg liquor was banished, swearing was forsworn and Bible-reading became the order of the day. There was a special tent set up where only kosher meals were served to the more than two hundred Orthodox Jews hired to work as extras. Other tents housed the enormous wardrobe and a schoolroom where some sixty luckless extra children were obliged to attend class before dawn in order to be ready for work at seven. A corps of magazine and newspaper reporters set up their own field unit, covering this gargantuan historical reconstruction for the news services of the world.

But of all the razzle-dazzle side-show elements that went into the spectacle behind the spectacle, no sight so stunned the cowboys—and disgusted them—as the one that met their eyes when they looked up to the highest sandhill, commanding a total overview of the encampment.

"At first I thought it was a part of the set for the Pharaoh's palace," Jack Padjan said, "but somebody told us what it really was. Jumped-up-Jesus, if there didn't stand an Oriental-style pavilion, as splendid as Saladin's, that De Mille called a marquee. To keep out the sand he'd spent fifteen hundred dollars on havin' gardeners plant acres of blue lupines all around it. And flyin' from a staff on top was a banner, with a background as blue as the sky and white letters, all personally designed by the Old Man, spellin' out 'De Mille' so clear not even God Himself could miss whose tent it was."

About the second day on the set, and before they had done any riding at all except to sit their ponies in the long shots, it began to dawn on the cowboys that a

(Continued on page 54)

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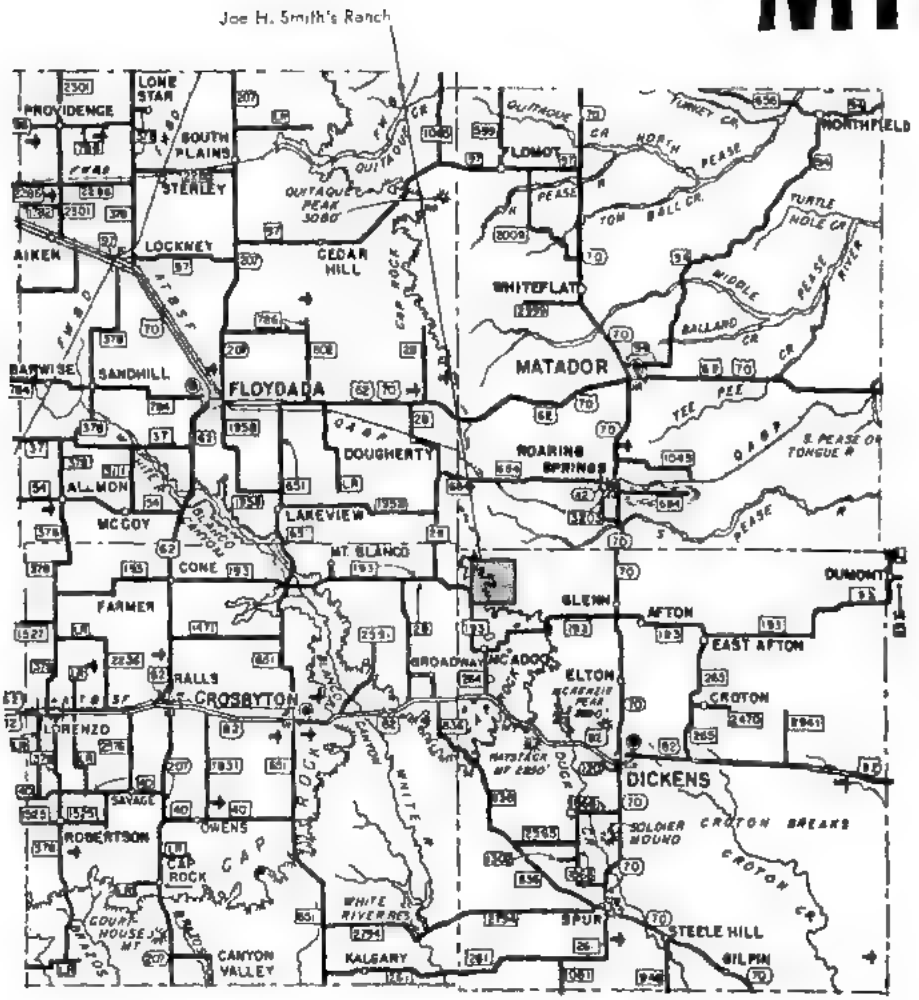
MYSTERY OF WOLF CREEK POINT



Map Courtesy 1974-1975 Edition of the TEXAS ALMANAC, further reproduction prohibited

Map showing location of Joe H. Smith's ranch in northwest Dickens County. Also shown are Floyd, Motley, and Crosby Counties.

BY JOE H. SMITH

You don't dig six feet into the Cap Rock for *nothing!*

IN the spring of 1916 my father, Joe H. Smith, who ranched in northwestern Dickens County, Texas along the Cap Rock and against the Matador Ranch pasture, went to Floydada, over in Floyd County, on a business trip.

Roads of any kind were little more than cow trails so he angled his Model T Ford northwest, opened a few gates, and after a two-hour bumpy ride, the trip of forty miles came to an end.

After buying ranch supplies and groceries, Smith was just crawling under the wheel of his car to return home when he heard the town banker, John Farris, shout to him, "Joe, wait a minute. I want to ask you something."

Smith looked up to see Farris, an old F Ranch cowpuncher, and a stranger approaching from the west side of the courthouse square.

In those days in that country a stranger was unusual. Everyone knew everyone else. The area was thinly settled, ranch headquarters were few and far between, and as one old-timer put it, "A man wasn't too busy to keep up with his neighbors." Anybody new was definitely noticed, but this stranger was a little different to boot.

Aside from the fact that his clothes plainly revealed he was from "a long way off," he appeared nervous and ill at ease. John Farris didn't introduce him. Probably the man hadn't introduced himself to Farris.

The banker lost no time. "Joe," he asked, "have you ever heard of Wolf Ridge? This fellow is looking for it, and the way he describes things, it must be down in your part of the country."

Joe Smith pondered a moment, shook his head negatively, and pondered the question again. "I have never," he said, "heard of Wolf Ridge, but I know where Wolf Creek Point is. It's about twenty miles east of here and a few miles south, just north of my place and in the Matador Ranch. It's a long, narrow point that extends out from the Cap Rock into the lower region."

"That's it! That's 'it!'" said the stranger excitedly, and without a word, whirled and walked away to become lost among the men loafing on the west side of the square.

"I have no idea who that fellow is or what he wants, Joe," Farris explained. "Somebody sent him to me thinking I might know where Wolf Ridge was. I thought I knew the country pretty good, but I never even heard of Wolf Creek Point."

ON the way back home, Joe Smith thought a little about the stranger and what his interests could be in that lonesome spot, but ranch work soon

(Continued on page 34)

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Left: Jennie McKim Cowan. Below: William (center), Minnie (left) and Grace Cowan. Right: William T. Cowan. Far right: David Cowan (top right) with several unidentified relatives.

Adapted from the Memoirs of **WILLIAM T. COWAN** 1873-1951. By **ALICE C. COLEMAN.**

Photo Courtesy Author

A Sense

Sometimes it burns as low as a candle in a gale but

THE woman and three children felt dwarfed by the big sky and flat prairie land as they stepped down to the platform of the Fort Assiniboine station. They were nearly at the end of Montana Territory and were certainly at the end of the railroad line. The last slanting rays of the September sun spread along the horizon.

There had been two days and two nights of travel from Winnipeg (by way of Creston, Minnesota) on the newly completed St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, on a train made up of both freight and passenger cars, which provided no sleepers or dining car. William Cowan, who was fourteen at the time, never forgot this trip. He used to joke about living in such a desolate region, claiming that his family had traveled West until their money ran out.

David Cowan met his exhausted family with a borrowed buckboard and half-tame pair of Indian cayuses complete with the owner, and a neighboring half-breed called Joe Russette. It had been June 1888 when David had left Winnipeg to try once more to make his fortune. Now his wife and children, happy to be reunited with him, forgot their fatigue in the excitement of a strange, new world. Jenny, the practical Scotch-Irish mother, engineered the arrangement of the trunks and boxes bulging with heavy winter clothing and blankets, to say nothing of pots, pans, and even a wash board. The house in Winnipeg, with all the heavy hardwood furniture, rugs, and china, had been sold to pay for the trip. Jenny was resigned to living in a tent for a week or two.

The settlement of Cypress, three miles from the newly built Fort Assiniboine was Jenny's new home. It was in an area where, after the first of September, a killing frost was likely to come any night. There would be snow, freezing weather, and biting winds from Canada. When the newcomers arrived, however, they were impressed by the sweeping plains covered with heavy stands of buffalo and wheat grass, virgin land unspoiled by grazing or ploughing or people. The two girls picked some of the wild sunflowers and blue sagebrush, enjoying their spicy odors. A few cottonwood and willow trees along the coulees near Big Sandy Creek broke the monotony of the plains, and brilliant autumn sunsets set fire to piles of empty cumulus clouds. On the eastern horizon a few odd-shaped buttes and peaks looked sharply close, although they stood ten or twenty miles away. Much of all this is the same today.

Willie, as two-year-old Gracie and twelve-year-old Minnie called their brother, certainly viewed this new location with romantic eyes, for he had read about the West, and it was easy to imagine the soldiers at Fort Assiniboine defending the

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Of Justice

maybe there's always a little honor—even among thieves

settlement against Indians in full war regalia. During the previous year, while his father was scouting for a new location, Willie had left the eighth grade to work in P. A. Beauteau's Dry Goods store in Winnipeg at four dollars a week, enough to pay for the family's groceries. It was a relief to the boy to have his father be the head of the family again.

WHEN David Cowan arrived in Montana at thirty-eight, he had already explored wilderness areas in Manitoba and Saskatchewan as well as having made and lost a fortune in the Winnipeg boom of 1880. At twenty-seven he had emigrated from southern Ontario to Winnipeg where he and one of his brothers built a farm implement store. During the period of expansion after the railroad opened up that region, he boasted to his wife that his bank account was over $50,000 and his real estate holdings $150,000. But although he promised to build a fine home near the new University of Manitoba, he spent his capital instead on constructing a $75,000 opera house. For a short time the operation of both the implement store and opera house enjoyed spectacular success. Cowan brought to his theatre such stars as Sol Smith Russell, comedian, and Emma Abbot, operatic star. When the boom was over, however, he never regained his investment although he spent three years attempting to get reestablished. Only $5,000 was salvaged.

This reversal was the beginning of a series of disastrous business ventures for David Cowan. No wonder his wife was apprehensive when they first arrived in Montana. No wonder his son Willie felt a keen obligation to stick by his mother and younger sisters. Almost to the last, in Winnipeg, Cowan considered his losses temporary, confidently expecting to invest his remaining capital profitably. Accustomed to handling big money, he had casually lent a friend $2,000 which he never saw again, for the friend skipped town without saying goodbye. Still optimistic, he had signed a contract to blast rocks for the Canadian Pacific Railway, but this endeavor ended abruptly when two of his workmen got drunk on the job, set off some dynamite by mistake, and were killed.

Leaving Winnipeg somewhat reluctantly, Cowan ventured north and west, traveling by flatboats on the Saskatchewan River and buying furs from trappers. The trade flourished, but his wife, who had lost two babies to diphtheria, refused to take one-year-old Grace into such rough country. As a compromise Cowan set up a trading post near Battleford in Saskatchewan, but an unscrupulous partner stole the trade goods and left for the Arctic, leaving only $800 worth of furs. Cowan, sobered now by betrayals and dwindling capital, pushed farther west. He investigated Calgary and even went on to Victoria before he crossed into the United States to settle in the undeveloped territory of northern Montana. Less than fifty miles from the Canadian border, with an altitude of about 2,400 feet, this windy prairieland demands pioneer courage even today during periods of drought and subzero weather.

In June 1888, when David Cowan first came to Cypress, he congratulated himself on getting a head start in a promising settlement. The town consisted of thirty-two saloons, two houses of prostitution, a Chinese restaurant, and many newcomers looking for townsites along the Big Sandy Creek. By September when his family arrived, Cypress had dwindled because Fort Assiniboine authorities, to cut down on drunkenness and gambling, had declared the town off limits to the soldiers.

Before cold weather set in, the family moved from the tent to a rented two-room shack. Cowan set up a temporary trading store in a 10'x20' tent which he had bought from a Fort Assiniboine photographer. Cowan spent his last $250 to stock the store, driving fifty miles in a borrowed wagon to reach Fort Benton, the closest trading center on the Missouri River.

From 1863 to 1888 steamboats carried on a thriving business transporting freight and passengers from the Mississippi. By 1888 that heyday was past,

(Continued on page 56)

WYOMING HORSES and MULES

They sure made a lot of ranch hands

BY
"OLD COWBOY" ED WRIGHT

Reprinted in part from Empire Magazine, Courtesy The Denver Post

Painting titled "Double Trouble" by artist Andrew Berrick, Courtesy Compton J. La Bauve Sr.

THIS story's about an outfit on Powder River between Kaycee and Sussex, Wyoming. They branded a pair of glasses, and called it the Spectacle Ranch. It was one of the best equipped ranches in Wyoming at that time. H. W. Davis owned the outfit. Everyone called him Hard Winter Davis. I think he was one of the first men that ever plowed a ditch out of Powder River and used the water to irrigate with. He raised lots of mules. I always thought a mule was lazy till I got acquainted with those mules of Hard Winter's. They was raised on the open range, and just caught to put the hay up with every year. Davis kept planting alfalfa till he had more irrigated hay land than any other ranch on Powder River.

He had a small team of mules called Becky and Liza that he used to drive to the buckboard to Buffalo. When he'd get back to the ranch, that team would run away darn near everytime while he was unloading the buckboard. But like all mules, they never hurt theirself or broke anything. They just wanted to run away. They always stopped at the right place for old Peters, the wrangler, to unhitch 'em and turn 'em loose. I broke a lot of horses for Hard Winter every spring.

After they gathered horses in that part of the country, I always had more horses than I could break by myself so I got Whisky Dick Wilson to help me. He was

the best feller with a horse I ever knowed. Me and Dick could make more money in a couple of months breaking horses at five dollars a head than a cowboy, at forty dollars a month punchin' cows could in six months. Old Dick was sure a good hand till he got the smell of a whiskey bottle—even the cork out of one would uncork old Dick and he'd head for town. And he'd throw a humdinger when he got there. After he'd went broke and left town it took him another week to get over the celebration.

WHEN you're breaking horses in Wyoming, you're supposed to get 'em gentle enough for a cowboy to take on roundup and ride. They always had a couple young horses in their string to try and make good cow ponies out of.

It was just natural for a horse to learn to handle cattle, with the right man on

ome and go!

him. A good bronco buster never let a horse buck with him if he could keep him from it. When a horse bucks with you, he's scairt of you, and that's his way of fighting back. If something got on your back you was scairt of, you'd try and get rid of it too.

When a horse bucks off a few cowboys, he learns to do a better job everytime, and it don't take much to make him blow the plug; he'll throw a good rider when he ain't looking for it. Lots of good cowboys couldn't ride bucking horses, and if they was afraid of one they couldn't learn him nothing. If they was busy hanging onto the saddle horn, they couldn't keep a horse from bucking. They'd finally call him a outlaw.

So every year when a bronc peeler come back where he'd broke a lot of horses for an outfit, there was always some to break over. Seemed like they was always the best horses. They was smarter than the man trying to ride 'em, I think. I never had any trouble with 'em. Soon as I'd top 'em off again, I'd picket 'em and use 'em to wrangle, to ride out with the ones we was breaking, and most of 'em turned out to be good gentle horses.

In Wyoming country, they never broke a horse till he was five years old, and they never allowed nothing but geldings with a roundup cavvy. Some of those wild horses was kind of hard to get acquainted with, too. They'd never saw a man till they was corralled the first time, alongside their mammies.

A little feller stayed pretty close to her till he was cut out in a big round corral and roped by the front feet, and throwed down with a cowboy landing on his head and twistin' his nose up, while another one put a hot branding iron to him. It didn't do the little feller no good to squeal. When they turned him loose and he finally found his mammy I don't blame him for not liking human beings. Next year he was run in that same corral, caught again, and throwed down and castrated, and then turned out again till he was five years old, when he was run in to break. You couldn't blame him for bein' scairt and fighting back.

DICK could show a wild horse he wasn't going to hurt him quicker than anyone I ever knowed, and soon as a horse found that out, you could teach him something. We always got a colt in that round corral by hisself. Some of 'em are sure wild when a boy steps in there with 'em. They try to climb that corral fence, and when they find out they can't, they charge you. Then you end up climbing the fence, and sit there, till they quiet down.

I've throwed a slicker in the corral with some of 'em, and they'd jump on it like a panther, a-squealing, stomping, and chewing on that slicker. Now that don't look too encouraging to a cowboy about to start breaking one. But a horse is smart, and if a good riding cowboy knows how, it ain't long before the meanest ones give in and won't even try to run away from you. If you turn one loose, you could drop your reins on the ground and leave him for hours, and he'd be there waiting when you come back. When we'd turn 'em over, they was always gentle, though some of 'em learned bad habits pretty fast.

We always got done breaking old Hard Winter's horses just about haying time. Then he'd get us to get his mules off the range and start the haying crew off with 'em. He had mules twelve or fourteen years old that had been worked for years, but when you caught 'em that first time every year, you'd think they never had a rope on 'em before—let alone a harness.

But soon as you got a mule where he knows you got him, he gives up right away. I don't know too much about mules, maybe, but I sure knowed those mules, and there was more mule men that come and went from that Davis ranch at haying time, than all the other ranches in Wyoming. Those Missouri mule men found out they never saw a mule like those mules.

All the haying crew stayed across the river close to the alfalfa. The cowboys called 'em "alfalfa desperados."

Old Hard Winter had a standing order at the employment office in Buffalo for help. They was coming and going—going faster than they was coming. We called it the recruiting station.

There was a long shed with about forty double stalls in it. They could only tie one of those mean mules in a stall. They had to have a pole down the center, so they could get in alongside of one to harness him. They'd bite you, kick you, and most of them, when you went out of the stall, would hit the end of the chain they was tied with, trying to get a mouthful of you.

They had posts set in the hay field where they hooked those mules to the mowing machines. They'd tie the mules to the post. The mowing machine tongue was already tied to it. They had long rods with a hook on the end. They'd hook in a link of the chain tugs and pull the mule around into the mowing machine tongue to hook him. Then the driver got on the seat, and a cowboy turned the mules loose. That driver's hind end didn't touch that mowing machine seat for quite a while afterwards.

THEY only worked a team about three hours, then they changed teams. That driver never laid his reins down. They had a man to oil those machines while the drivers held the mules.

There was runaways everyday. Some of them mules run away every chance they had. We'd keep working in a young mule till we could get 'em hooked together. We had one great big six-foot feller from Missouri that was the best hand, so he naturally ended up with the meanest mules. And we had two of the meanest. Seemed like you couldn't work 'em enough—they never got tired. We called one Jack Johnson and the other, Calamity Jane. That Calamity Jane mule would eat you up if she got a chance.

That big old Missourian was sure mean to 'em, too. I was giving him heck all the time. But nobody else but him would go near that Calamity Jane and Jack Johnson mule, and they hauled a big load of alfalfa every day in front of that long shed.

The shed had let-down windows all

(Continued on page 62)

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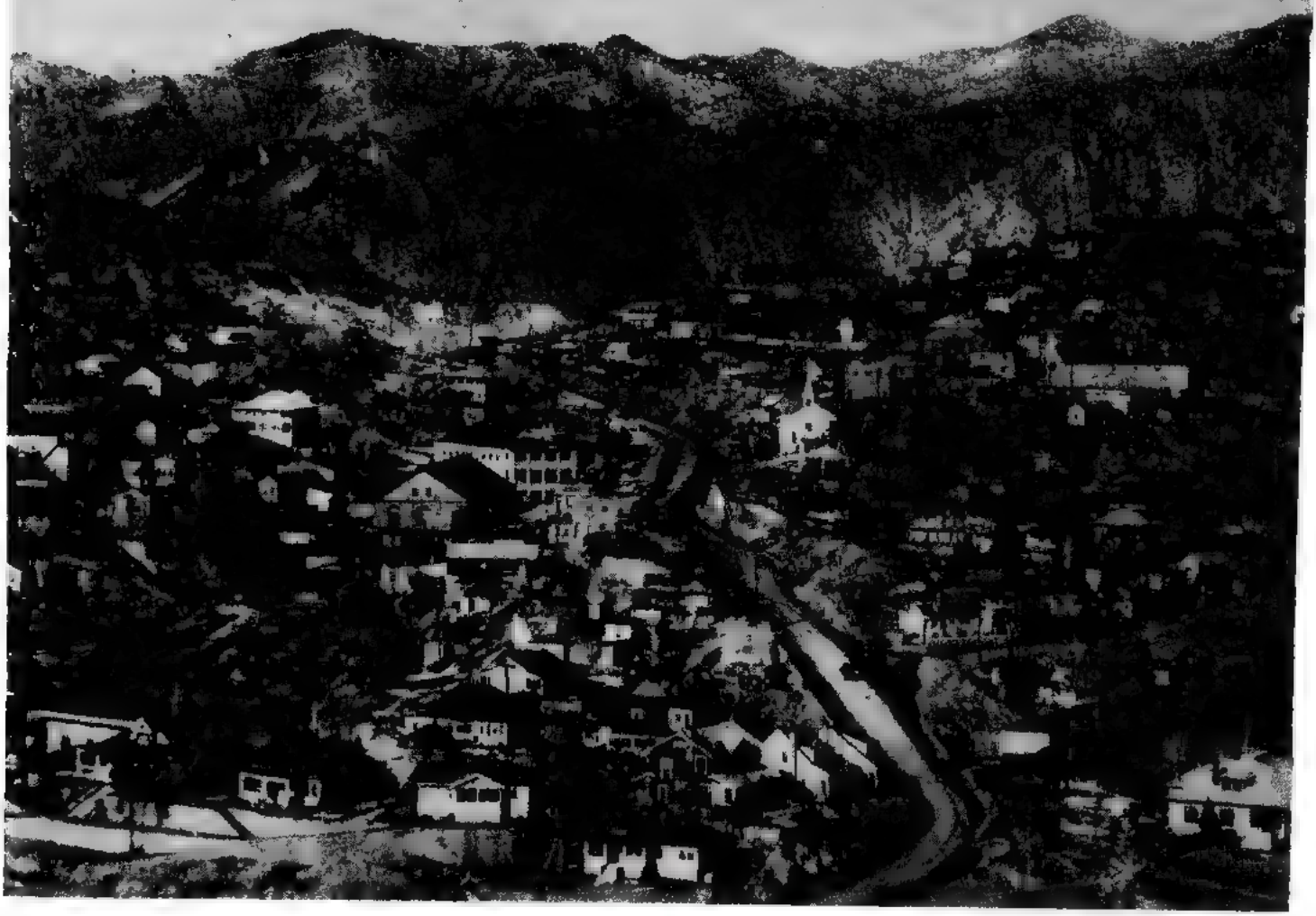
In the space of a few minutes his purpose in life switched from prospecting to following pony tracks. . . .

JIM BULLARD, THE AVENGER

Sketch by W. Taber

From the memoirs of **DAN ROSE**, adventurer, prospector, miner of the Old West. Edited and submitted by **ANNIE DYER NUNN.**

Photos Courtesy Author



THE OLD WEST, as I knew it during the '70s and '80s, never produced a more likeable, braver, or stranger man than Jim Bullard, a famous prospector. His name has gone down in the history of two great metal-bearing states, New Mexico and Arizona. His name may be found in their official records.

The aura of mystery that surrounded his comings and goings to and from Silver City, after the tragedy that changed his life, kept us all wondering. No one approached him with questions though—he was just not the type of man who invited them. He was pleasant and kind, but that was all. Joe Yankie, who had prospected with him for years, knew his secret; but Joe never let on to anyone—not, that is, until it no longer mattered to Jim.

This story begins in the fall of the year of 1868, when four prospectors, John Bullard, his brother Jim, Joe Yankie, and Amos Weeks, came down from Colorado to try their luck in the general area of a neglected silver discovery in southwestern New Mexico.

They were entering Apache country and were aware of its dangers, but they had fought the Utes in Colorado and knew the ways of the Indian. Also, they had long-range guns and they were the finest of marksmen. So when they rode their copper-bottomed horses and led their pack mules into the beautiful valley called San Vicente de la Cienega, (St. Vincent of the Marsh) and pitched camp near the spring that watered the marsh, they were primed and ready for the foe—for even Cochise.

Whether they knew it or not, they were defying Cochise on his own hunting ground, this vale where deer and antelope came from the surrounding hills to drink of an evening and where he held councils of war against the invading whites.

The region itself was one of appalling loneliness—that part of the Southwest which stretched from the Mogollon Mountains, 200 miles south to Mexico and 700 miles westward, from the Rio Grande to the Colorado. Hundreds of Apaches, under the leadership of Cochise, were roaming throughout, wreaking vengeance on settlers and wayfarers alike.

To try to defend this dangerous expanse there were only some 500 soldiers stationed at Fort Craig on the Rio Grande, Fort Bowie at Apache Pass, and Fort Grant on the San Pedro. Their assignment was to try to corral the Indians—who killed and then disappeared in mountain fastnesses where no white man dared penetrate.

FOR the first few weeks the prospectors worked in uneasy peace, knowing that sooner or later Indians would show up in this valley. Then one morning when on a hillside above their camp, they saw a band of twelve or fifteen riding in their direction. The prospectors hid behind a blowout of ledge rock and when the Indians were within shooting distance, blazed away at them.

There was pandemonium among the Apaches. Three of them hit the ground; horses reared and plunged and became unmanageable; arrows flew in every direction. Then, riding fast, some of the Indians grabbed up their fallen companions and dashed back the way they had come. The others covered the retreat with fire from their Mexican guns, midst bullets from the hillside. Whether more of the Indians were killed was not known, as they were soon out of sight.

This was the only encounter the white men had at this camp; afterwards the only sign of Indians was an occasional firelight on some distant peak.

THEN, in the early spring of 1870, the prospectors made their big find—a vein of silver that was to prove to be the richest discovery so far made in New Mexico. The ore was in the form of silver chloride—from shallow openings. Mining would be quick and easy. Their claim, which they named The Legal Tender, was on a hillside known as Chloride Flat.

News of the discovery traveled fast, as it seemed to do even in the most desolate regions. Soon other prospectors, gamblers, and gunmen were camped in the valley a mile or so from the diggings. The Indians, enraged anew, became more and more in evidence. For protection a posse of men from Pinos Altos, a gold camp ten miles to the north, was put on guard. The "town" was named Silver City, the name it has today. It is the only one of the West's six "Silver Cities" that did not become a ghost town. Our four prospectors—the Bullard brothers, Yankie, and Weeks—were soon miners, with extensive silver claims being developed.

Then, inevitably, they were ready for new pastures and the trackless expanses that lay farther west. They would head for eastern Arizona where copper outcroppings had been discovered the previous year. So early one morning in the winter of 1871, they packed up and disappeared into the solitude and the very heart of Apache country.

A few days' travel brought them to the mouth of the San Francisco River, where it swells the tide of the Gila. Here they turned north, up the 'Frisco' about ten miles to where mountain walls formed deep canyons. At this point they left the river and followed a small stream. The bed and banks of this stream were lined with copper-stained rocks from the mountainsides.

The men climbed to the top of a long, high ridge. There was no need to go any farther. The signs were all there. It took but a few days to stake off a claim. The four partners must have had a deep and abiding faith in Uncle Sam; for here, in one of the most dangerous and isolated sections of the West, they named their claim the American Constitution. It was the first claim in that huge copper-bearing area which afterwards became one of the sites of the famous Morenci Mines near Clifton. By this time grub was getting low. They would have to return to Silver City for more before work could be continued.

There was constant fear of Indians, but the prospectors made it to the Burro Mountains without interference. Then they discovered they were in for it. At a spring where they stopped for water late one afternoon, they saw moccasin and pony tracks and the ashes of a recent fire. Hastily, horses and mules were watered and canteens filled.

The journey was continued for two miles along the side of a mountain before a spot that was safe for camping could be found. A group of large boulders, with a

Morenci, Arizona, in the area of the famous Morenci mines—the Yankie, Arizona Central, Longfellow and others. Claims for these were laid out by Jim Bullard, Joe Yankie and Associates. In 1872 the town began as a settlement called "Joy's Camp," in honor of Captain Miles Joy, mineral surveyor who staked the claim filings. In 1874 the name was changed to "Morenci," after a town in Michigan. Morenci is located on the side of a mountain. Background view shows the once Apache-inhabited country where the prospectors worked, laying out claims for mines that have operated for over a century and are still going strong.

clearing on one side, formed a natural stockade and some protection for the night. The animals, unsaddled and unpacked, were staked in the clearing near the rocks.

When twilight deepened, a fire could be seen on a neighboring peak—Indians signaling to some waiting band. The men slept alternately, with two always on watch. Early dawn of the next morning found them with breakfast over and ready to go. But they did not start at once. They were not sure that the coast was clear. Their tracks at the spring might have been detected—in which case there would be a good chance of getting shot in the back.

As this danger was being discussed, Jim Bullard spied an Indian on horseback emerging from a thicket of junipers at the edge of the clearing some 100 yards away. He was followed by eight more, all heading toward the rocks. They were met by a volley of shots. Four of the Indians tumbled from their horses; then another went down. The remaining four turned back, firing at the rocks as they did so.

Just then, with Jim yelling at the two to stay back, John and Yankie leaped from behind the rocks, shooting at the retreating Indians. They returned the fire and both white men were hit. John and Yankie kept on shooting, though, until John pitched to the ground, mortally wounded. In the midst of flying bullets, Jim dashed from cover and dragged his brother to safety. Shot just above the heart, he lived but a few minutes. Yankie's wound was slight—a grazed arm.

There was an awful silence. In an agony of grief, Jim Bullard leaned over the body of his brother. Then he straightened, his blue eyes blazing. "From this time on I'm going for the Apaches," he said. "I may not get the ones who killed John, but I'll damn sure get some of 'em." He paused, then doubled his fist. "The important thing now is to get John to Silver City." He turned to Yankie. "Joe, you and Amos go on ahead with him. I'll stay behind and head the Indians off."

"Jim, it's too dangerous," Yankie protested, alarm in his voice. "Let me stay and help. Amos can manage alone."

"No," said Jim. "I want you both with John."

Yankie made no reply. He knew that Jim's decision was final. Silently, he helped Amos Weeks place the body of their dead companion on his horse and tie it to the saddle. Then, following an old Indian trail, they started on their way. Jim followed them a short distance, then with a steady, "Goodbye, boys," he turned and rode back the way he had come.

JIM BULLARD had decided on a plan which, for bravery and self-sacrifice, was probably unequaled in the West. He would entice the Indians to follow him—away from the course his friends were on—and take his chances.

The Indians, he knew, would do some reconnoitering before risking pursuit of the whites. This would give him time to put his plan into action. Jim left the trail and took a parallel course hidden by trees, then rode to the top of an elevation from which he could see the surrounding country for miles around. The camp of the night before was in plain view. Walking about in the clearing were Indians in increasing numbers, apparently looking for horse tracks to determine the number of white men who had been there. As soon as they realized that there had been only four they would be hot on the trail of Yankie and Weeks.

Soon Jim saw them start, trotting their ponies single file in his general direction. They would have to be turned from the trail. Jim dismounted, loaded his gun, and waited until they were opposite him in shooting distance; then opened fire.

Taken by surprise and not knowing where the shots had come from, the Indians bunched in a panic-stricken mass. But when two more shots ripped into them, they caught the direction. With terrible yells they plunged toward the sound—all except those left behind to pick up the dead. Jim took a parting shot at the on-coming leader, who fell to the ground and rolled down the hill; then Jim got on his horse and rode like the wind toward camp, the Indians after him, full speed. Now and then there were shots but Jim kept too far ahead for the bullets to reach him.

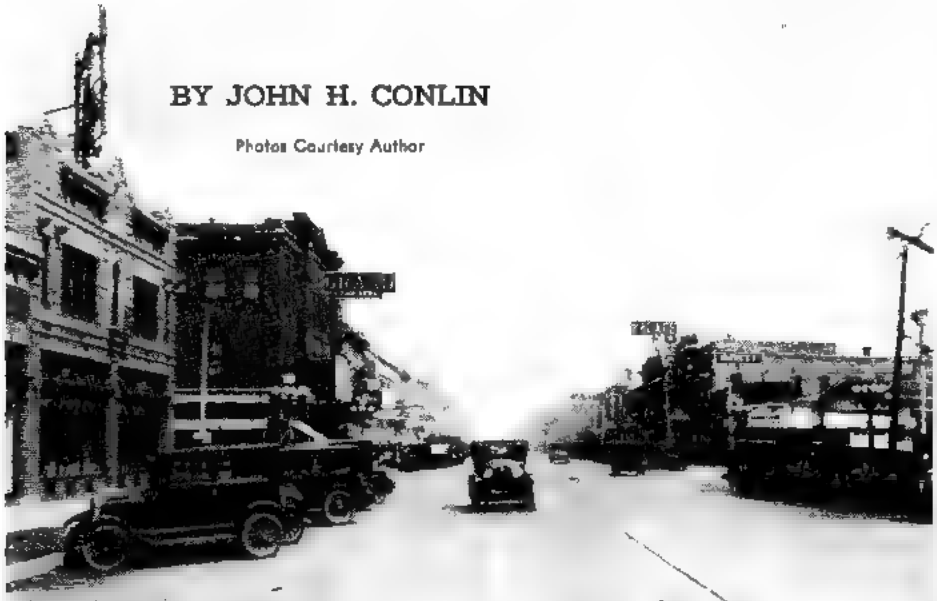
"If I can keep them thinking they are going to get me," he said to himself, "they'll chase me to hell—and that's what I want."

Jim led them past the deserted camp and onward. The ruse had worked. The Indians continued to follow him far beyond the scenes of the morning. Now they were leaving the foothills and before them was the level plain which lies northwest of the Burro Mountains, twenty-two miles from Silver City. Jim was sure that upon reaching that level stretch, he could, barring an accident, show the Indian ponies a clean pair of heels. The Indians had not gained on him. He had kept about one-half mile ahead of them.

(Continued on page 28)

Dan Rose in 1925.

Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society



BY JOHN H. CONLIN

Photos Courtesy Author

WE'LL MISS THOSE OLD EXPRESS COMPANIES!

With the recent demise of the Railway Express Agency (formerly American Railway Express Company) it seems appropriate to recall the days when express companies were bustling outfits born of keen competition. Of these, Wells Fargo was the "Granddaddy"!

HOW MANY are around today who can say they drove an Express Wagon? There are plenty who can say they drove Express Trucks but that's a horse of a different color. As far as I can recall the old hayburners were retired by the Express Company some time in the late twenties.

I began working for Wells Fargo in Salina, Kansas in March 1917 with previous experience as a station helper on the Union Pacific Railroad up on the Plainville, Kansas branch.

As driver No. 3 (the bottom of the list) I was required to sleep in the warehouse which was right back of the downtown office at 126 South Santa Fe. The front of the building was devoted to office space and customer service while the rear was used for freight storage awaiting delivery.

The first thing each day was to pick up the wagons at the livery stable, drive to the office and back the wagons up to the curb to wait while we made our call sheets and loaded whatever freight we had to deliver.

Each driver had a certain residential section to work as well as his portion of the business district. Business concerns were provided with "call cards" which they put out when there were shipments to be picked up. Some were on staffs, displayed on brackets similar to those used

(Continued on page 52)

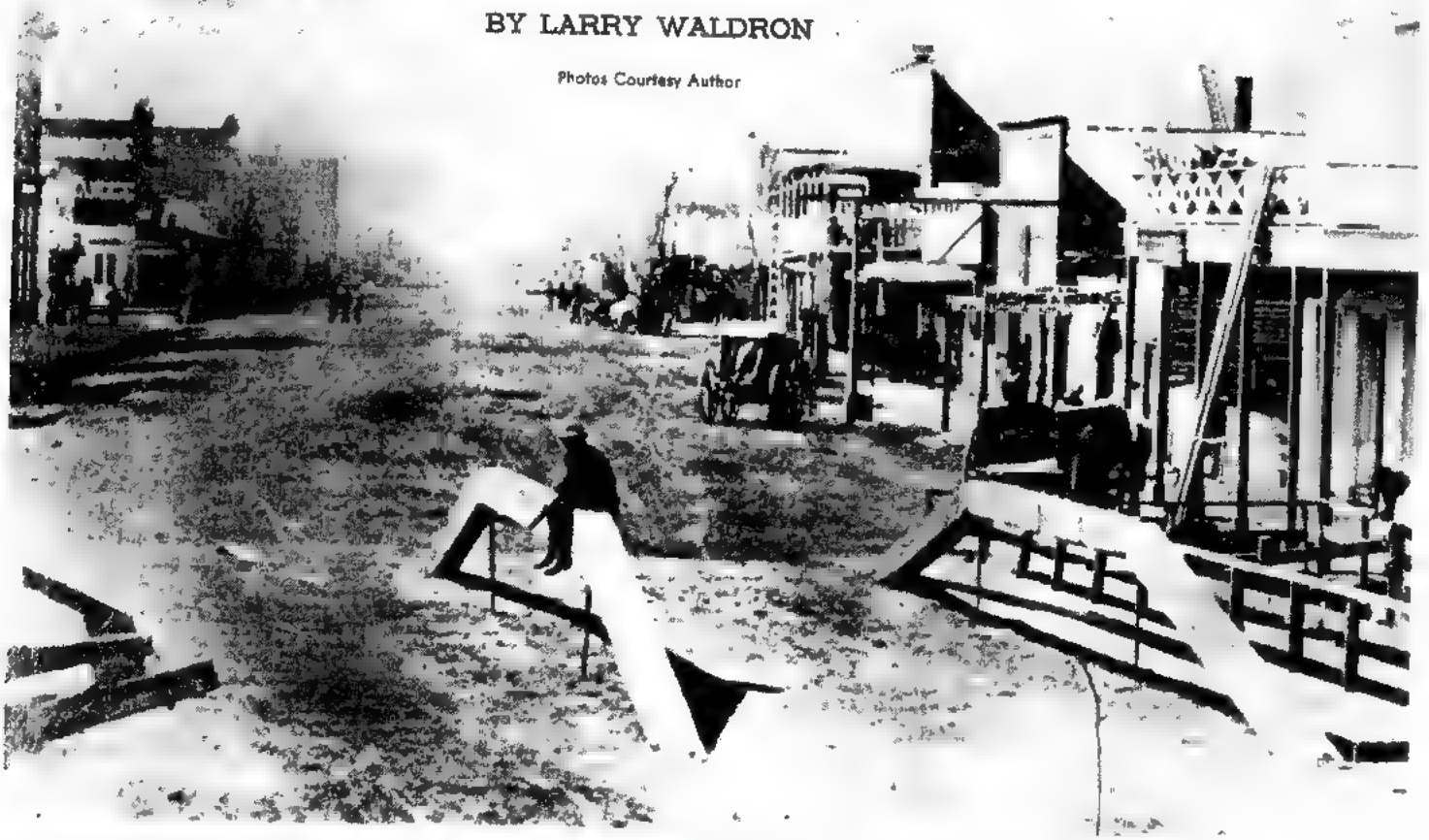
Photo Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Top: South Santa Fe Avenue in Salina, Kansas around 1920. Above: Union Depot in Salina. The building at the far right housed the baggage room and express rooms.

REINCARNATION IN WALLA WALLA

BY LARRY WALDRON

Photos Courtesy Author



Top left: The Walla Walla Messiah. Above: Few of the residents of Walla Walla in 1872 knew of the tightly knit colony ten miles east of town. Right: The sheriff's sale took place June 11, 1881.

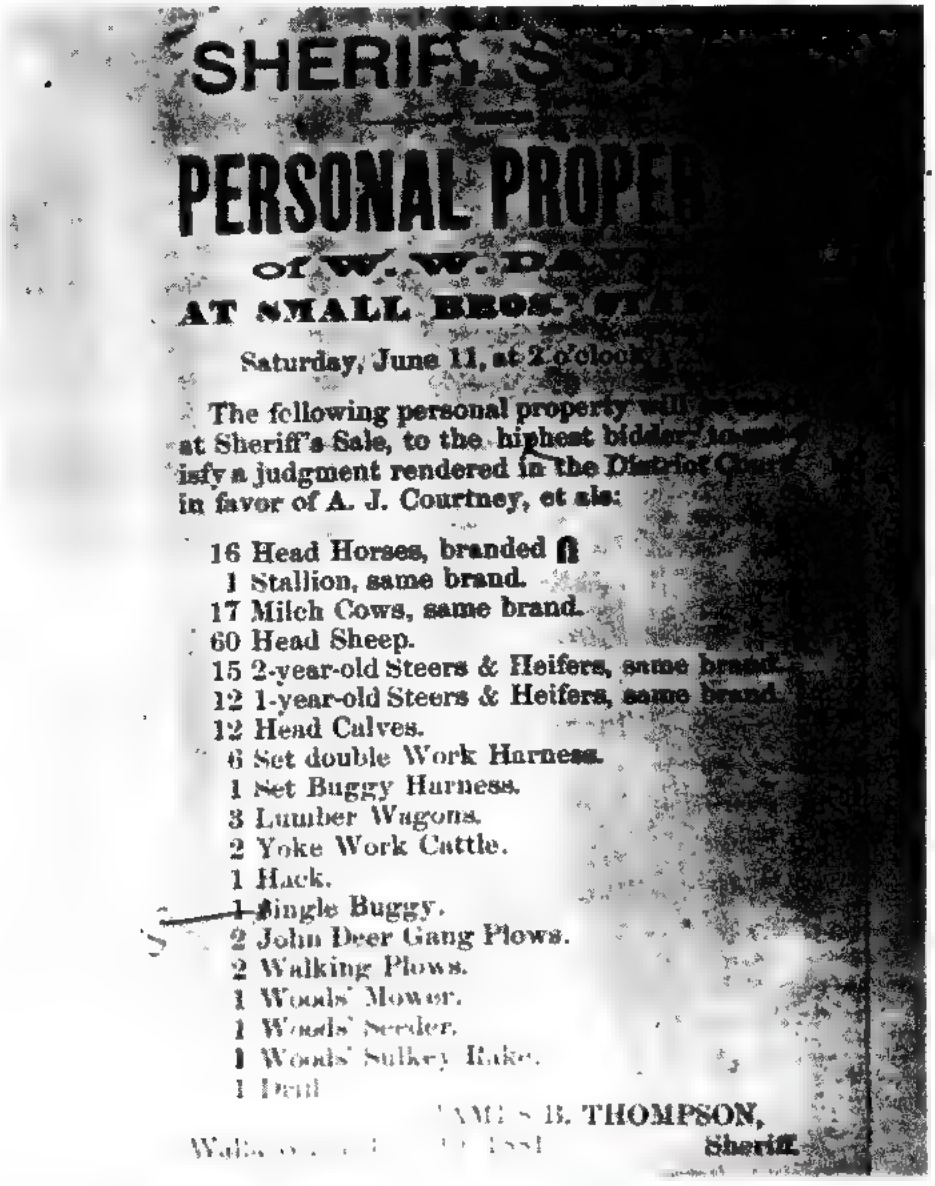
Below: William W. Davies.

MOST of its residents believe that Walla Walla, Washington is next to Paradise, even if they've never heard that in 1866 a rolling hill ten miles east of town became the Kingdom of Heaven. William W. Davies and his two sons were the Holy Trinity. It wasn't until 1881 that the Kingdom of Heaven fell, depleted by deaths and burdened with a court case involving moral misconduct.

Davies' vision of a heavenly domain on earth began in Deer Lodge, Montana. He had been a follower of Joseph Morris, the leader of a Mormon sect believing in divine revelation and reincarnation. Morris and ten of his followers were killed at South Weaver near Salt Lake City on June 6, 1884 by a sheriff's posse, but Davies and thirty-two others escaped to Montana.

On January 24, 1866 Davies had a vision in which God and the Son sitting on a great white throne were revealed to him. Davies was instructed to go to the West where God would point out a consecrated place where great events would transpire. Davies was told he possessed the spirit of Michael the archangel, "who had been known at different times as Adam, Abraham, David, and lastly, W. W. Davies."

—unfortunately The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth was sold at a sheriff's sale!



SHERIFF'S
PERSONAL PROPE
OF W. W. DA
AT SMALL BROS.' W
Saturday, June 11, at 2 o'clock
The following personal property
at Sheriff's Sale, to the highest bidder, to
isfy a judgment rendered in the District C
in favor of A. J. Courtney, et als:

16 Head Horses, branded
1 Stallion, same brand.
17 Milch Cows, same brand.
60 Head Sheep.
15 2-year-old Steers & Heifers, same brand.
12 1-year-old Steers & Heifers, same brand.
12 Head Calves.
6 Set double Work Harness.
1 Set Buggy Harness.
3 Lumber Wagons.
2 Yoke Work Cattle.
1 Hack.
1 Single Buggy.
2 John Deer Gang Plows.
2 Walking Plows.
1 Woods' Mower.
1 Woods' Seeder.
1 Woods' Sulkey Rake.
1 Deal

JAMES B. THOMPSON,
Sheriff.

The pilgrims set out, following the Mullan Road into the Walla Walla Valley. Davies and two others went into the foothills of the Blue Mountains to look at a farm for sale. Davies said, "This is the place," echoing Brigham Young's remark upon seeing the Salt Lake Valley.

The eighty acres were purchased and Davies and his followers began to civilize the Kingdom of Heaven. Houses were built and farming begun.

The first "great event" to transpire was on February 11, 1868 when a son was born to Davies and his wife. A week later the knowledge came to Davies that his child was the Messiah. The boy was called Arthur.

On September 28, 1869 another son was born. This boy, named David, was revealed to Davies and his wife to be "Our Father, meaning God the Eternal Father of Spirits." Shortly afterwards Davies proclaimed himself to be the Holy Ghost, thus completing the residency of the Holy Trinity in the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

When Davies was asked how he was not deceived in all this, he replied, "It would be impossible to explain. How would you explain by words how you were happy or depressed, and how you knew such to be the case to one who had been neither?"

Of the two boys the Messiah became the best known, and it was his presence that attracted converts. In 1868 Davies had missionaries in Portland and San Francisco. Extensive use was made of pamphlets written in an enigmatic prose. At first the printing of the pamphlets was done in San Francisco, but later a print shop was set up at the camp. Soon these missionary efforts brought the number of members in camp to seventy-five.

Many of the converts contributed money when they joined. Other sympathizers, although not caring to join, contributed substantial amounts, with one giving almost six thousand dollars. Davies held all the land and money of the camp in his name.

MEMBERS were known as the Christians of the Millenium. Their one solid doctrine was the belief in reincarnation. Their theology was ever shifting, with the current beliefs based on Davies' latest revelation. One recurring theme was that Alfred, the Messiah, would at some point manifest himself, with the wicked in the world being slain and the members of the camp saved.

The camp publications were dated by using Davies' original revelation on January 24, 1866 as the year 0. On each anniversary of that date there was a seven-day feast corresponding to the creation of the world as described in the book of Genesis.

Davies had almost complete control over the members of the camp. He proclaimed, "My Father's will is that you do my will forever." If a member misbehaved, Davies

(Continued on page 24)

It was pure silver —fit for a King!

THE LOST CANNON OF HERNAN CORTES

Above left: Portrait of Cortes in his later years. Top: Cortes as a young man. Above right: Decorated culverins of the Cortes period. Right: Charles I of Spain.

BY FORD GREEN

Photos Courtesy Author

TREASURE STORIES are usually about long ago and far away, with the information rather hazy. However, our tale is about a fabulous treasure of 450 years ago that is still mentioned in modern encyclopedias. It is documented by the letters of Hernan Cortes which were written as reports to King Charles V about the progress of the conquest of Mexico.

These letters, which would make a good-sized book, were five. They were written between July 10, 1519 and September 11, 1526, with two minor letters on other matters written in 1530 and 1532. The one we are concerned with is the one of October 15, 1524. This was three years after the fall of the Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan, and Cortes was well into the serious matter of consolidating Spanish domination of the "New Spain."

He tells of the cost of his expeditions of exploration and pacification, the thousands of *pesos de oro* which he claimed to have spent from his own funds. (It sounds much like a traveling salesman's swindle sheet!) At this time Cortes was having things pretty much his own way, but there were gathering clouds of trouble that had been on his horizon from the start of his expedition when he skinned out of Cuba just two jumps ahead of arrest.

His king, Charles the First of Spain, had also been elected Charles V, Emperor of The Holy Roman Empire, with the first loot of the New World in 1519. At this time Charles was only nineteen years old, but already one of the powers of Europe as the successor to the great Charlemagne. This was about the time that Cortes landed in Mexico. Word had certainly gotten to Cortes, for all except the first letter are addressed to "Your Caesarean Majesty." Power plays by the courtiers were also certainly in evidence. Attempt after attempt was made to bring Cortes under control, but he was different from the others—he had conquered and was in control of a vast empire containing unprecedented wealth, No other argument could beat *that* with the Emperor.

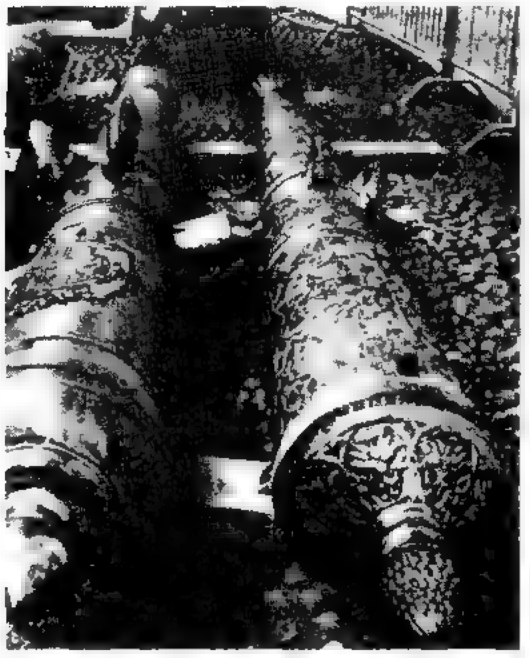
These courtiers instigated all kinds of intrigues. Disgruntled adventurers who had come off second best with Cortes in

E[illegible]

the conquest arrived in Spain with tales of butchery of the Indians, stealing loot belonging to the soldiers, revolting against "constituted authority," and so on. The courtiers would buttonhole each new returnee and see what he could contribute to their cause. They had various interests, but there was one common goal —getting the scalp of Cortes.

CORTES was never idle, and though he was almost 4,000 miles away he knew his enemies were not idle either. Cortes realized that he had to keep the interest of the Emperor.

Across the lake from the northwest of Tenochtitlan (Mexico City) was, and is, the suburb of Atzcapotzalco. Today it is an industrial town, but in Montezuma's time it was dedicated to the working of precious metals. It was there that the treasure the Spaniards had found in the old Palace of Axayacatl when they first got to the capital had been melted down. The workers had been kept as slaves for the refining of gold and silver during the more than four years that the Spanish were busy looting the Aztec Empire. By 1524 Cortes was beginning to overcome some of his shortages; and had taught the Atzcapotzalco workers to cast bronze and brass cannon, giving him practically unlimited artillery, the thing that the Indians most feared. This situation was the origin of our tale. Cortes had to regularly come up with something spectacular to promote the Emperor's esteem.



Silver was relatively plentiful in New Spain, and the casters of Atzcapotzalco had now become expert in handling large objects. Why not cast A BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED CANNON OF SOLID SILVER—PURE! (No one can ever say that Cortes didn't think big.)

On the edge of the lake, charcoal was gathered and bellows were started. Lump after lump of silver went into the clay refractory until the reservoir was full of glowing liquid. The dam was then tapped, and the run made. Sparks flew as the molten silver ran into the clay mold.

A day and two nights later the men took hammers and began chipping the big clay mold. Partially down they saw the calamity: they had broken out too soon; the metal was still grainy hot.

But silver was still silver, and slave labor was cheap. That same day a new mold was started, with the same wooden pattern they considered the best design of a culverin. The bellows blew and the silver flowed again. This time there was sufficient cooling, and the brightest cannon ever cracked from a mold rested on the foundry floor.

As soon as it finished cooling it was blocked up for the finishers to decorate. The old jewelers of Montezuma were called upon for this, but were ordered to use Spanish motifs. This same type of carving on architecture is today called "plateresque" or silver-like ornamentation.

Europe had certainly never seen the equal of this item—a thing of utility, a thing of beauty and a thing of unbelievable value. It was the world's prize example of apple-polishing!

FROM the complicated casting came the name which the cannon was given, as picturesque as the decoration: *El Fenix* (The Phoenix). Was Cortes referring to himself? Was he warning that he would always rise from defeat? The inscription read:

Aquesta nacio sin par
Yo, en servicios sin segundo,
Vos, sin igual en el mundo.

Translating:

This was born without equal,
I, in service without aid,
Thou, without equal in the world.

But there was an alternate translation:

This was born without copper,
I, in service without successor,
Thou, without equal in this world.

To say the least, these words chiseled in beautiful silver would be impressive, especially if the silver were almost a ton and a half.

The cannon was finished and mounted before the fall fleet of 1524 was ready to sail. For some reason the fleets were timed to conform with the wishes of the Council of the Indies who usually sailed them straight into the storm season, which accounted for so many treasure fleets being sunk.

Cortes finished his lengthy dispatch on the folio sheets used for such things in those days. He recounted the details of two whole years of action, both military and economic, on the results of which depended his favor with the Emperor. Since the courtiers saw the Emperor every day and Cortes was in Mexico, it had to be good. The cannon would be the clincher, so the part of the letter transmitting the cannon might be understatment, or it might be more.

"From these officials and other persons and also from letters written to me from Spain, I have learned that the things which I sent Your Caesarean Majesty with Antonio de Quinones and Alonso de Avila, representatives of New Spain, never reached Your Royal Presence because they were seized by the French, on account of insufficient protection which the Case de Contrataccion sent to accompany them from The Azores.

"For the first of my offerings, I now send with Diego de Soto, a servant of mine, certain small things which, although they were rejected before as being unworthy to accompany the others, have some value, and also some which I have acquired since then. With these I am also sending a culverin cast from twenty-four hundredweight and fifty pounds of silver, and also I believe that there is some gold in it, for it had to be cast twice. It was very costly, for the metal was worth 24,500 *pesos de oro* at five pesos to the mark; and there were other expenses, such as the casting, engraving and transport to the harbor, which cost me another 3,000 *pesos de oro*. But as it was a rich and magnificent sight, and worthy to go before a so High and Excellent Prince, I determined to finish it and spend the money."

There we have what Cortes said about the cannon. How much he was inflating its cost we do not know—probably a good bit—but even so, the gesture was pretty expensive. He gives the cost of the metal at 24,500 *pesos de oro* and the expense of casting at 3,000 *pesos de oro*. At a mean value of ten *pesos de plata* to one *peso de oro*, we come up with 275,000 silver pieces of eight.

IN late October the fleet weighed from San Juan de Ullua (Vera Cruz) sailing north up to the middle of the Texas coastal bend and across to Cuba to top off water and supplies to finish the trip to the Azores or perhaps to Spain.

From various sources we know that the culverin reached Charles V, but we are not told where, and he certainly spent little time in Spain. All chroniclers agree that the cannon got there, but each gives his own interpretation of what happened afterward. Suffice to say that about five years later, Cortes was replaced as governor of New Spain, and for the next fifteen his stock was pretty low.

Where did the culverin go? There are

(Continued on page 28)

Even a child wasn't safe

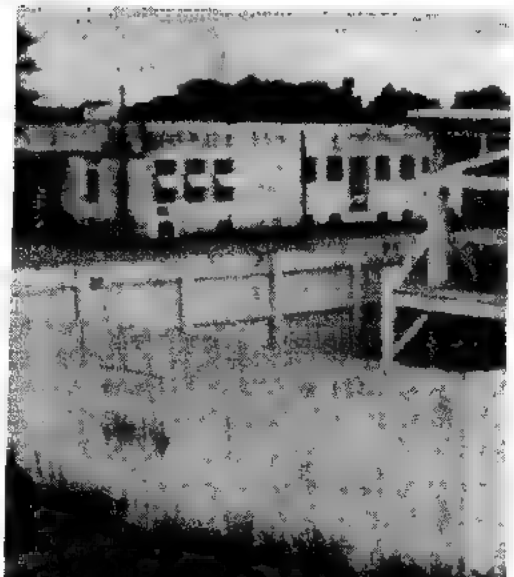
WHEN THE BUCK

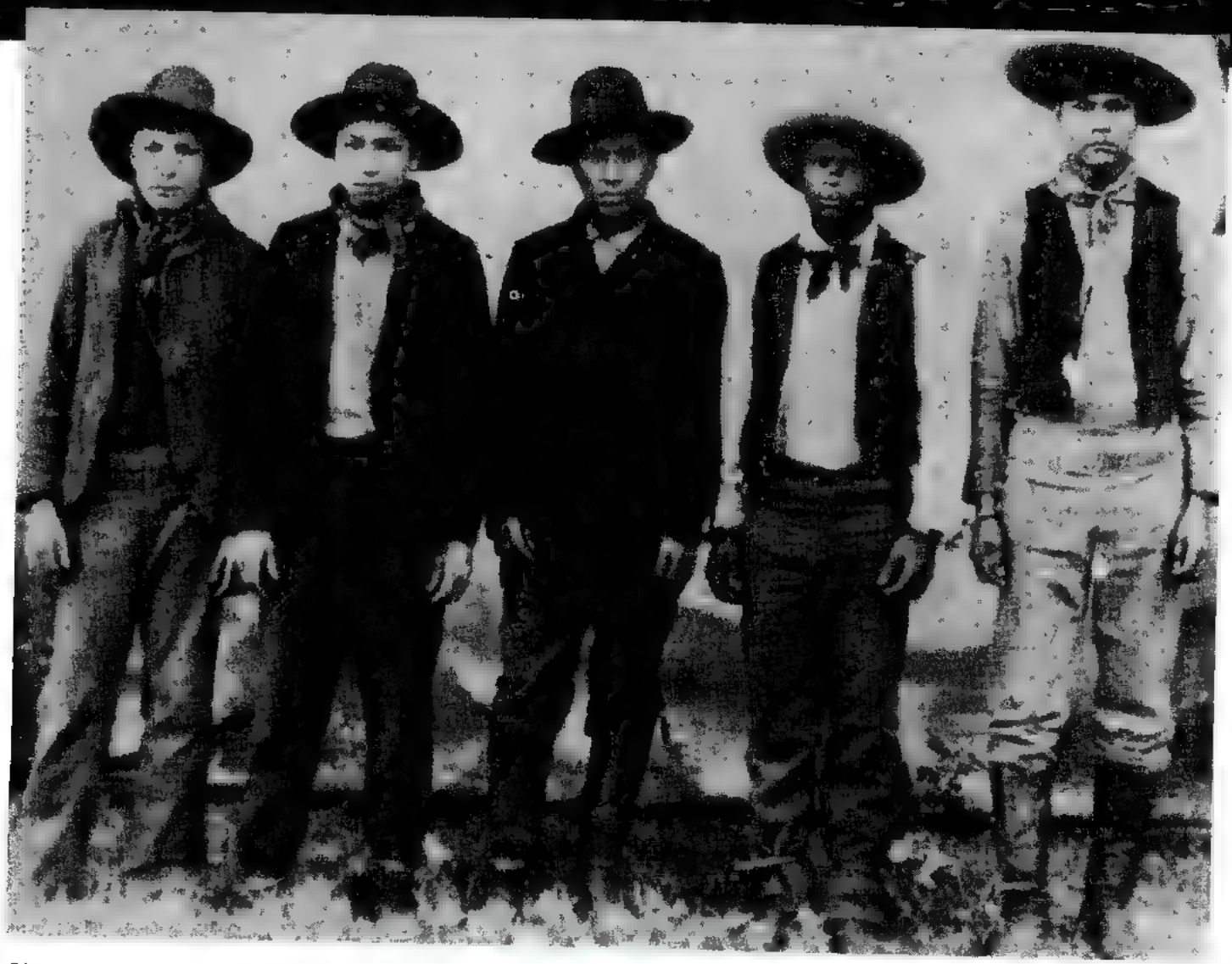
"LITTLE BOY, tell truth!" Lewis Davis shook his finger at ten-year-old J. I. Belford. Davis was displeased with young Belford, who certainly was not the first to be admonished by an elder and obviously not the last boy to receive the time-honored admonition—this was seventy-nine years ago.

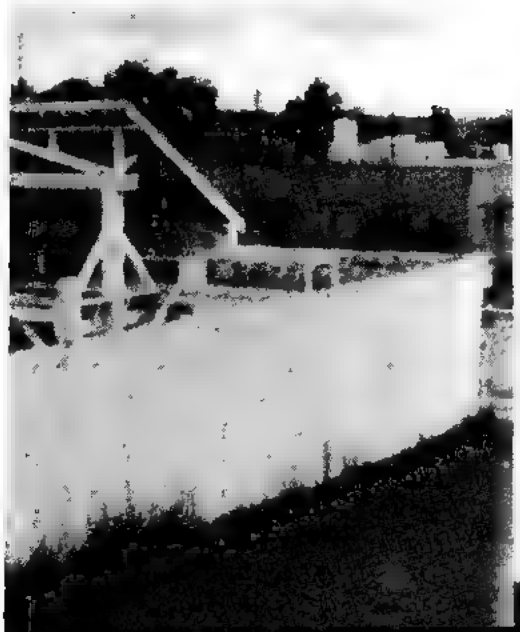
But J. I. Belford had a good reason for fibbing. Lewis Davis was a member of the notorious Buck Gang that was terrorizing the Indian Territory, eleven years before Oklahoma statehood; and young Belford was instrumental in directing the posse that captured this "unholy gang." Now ninety years of age, J. I. Belford has been a Tulsa resident since 1953, when he retired and moved from Beggs.

It had been Belford's first visit to Tulsa in 1893 which led to his ultimate encounter with the Buck Gang. His father, N. R. "Newt" Belford, a Missourian with a family consisting of a wife and three small children, had followed the Frisco Railroad tracks in a covered wagon south from Kansas. Newt paused in Tulsa to board with relatives until he could find a suitable site for a trading post. J. I., his oldest son, was eight years old, the girl was five, and the other son was two.

J. I. quickly formed a friendship with his Cousin Frank, who was about the same age. "He and I fished in streams quite a bit," Belford recalls, "and we didn't have to go very far from Main Street to do it." He also recalls attending







GANG RODE

BY C. H. McKENNON

Photos Courtesy Author

Orcutt. A part of my chores was back-stamping incoming letters. With a store and postoffice, we became well acquainted with all the settlers. By the time I was ten years old I had my first meeting with Lewis Davis and Lucky Davis, both members of the Rufus Buck Gang."

The Buck Gang, while only thirteen days on the scout—and some say less—established a heinous record that had Indian Territory residents up in arms in 1895. Rufus Buck was a full blood Euchee Indian. Gang members were Sam Sampson, Lewis Davis, and Maomi July (Creeks), and Lucky Davis (a Freedman). The gang members had records of minor offenses and each had been in Judge Isaac C. Parker's Federal Court at Fort Smith, Arkansas. But they progressed to felony on July 28, 1895 when Rufus Buck shot and killed City Marshal John Garrett of Okmulgee. Garrett had caught Buck in the act of robbing a store and Buck was faster on the draw. The Buck Gang had wanted the city marshal out of the way anyhow, because the officer had become suspicious of the gang's activities with livestock belonging to settlers. Rufus Buck was boasting that his gang would make "settlers sit up and take notice." The boast was not an idle one.

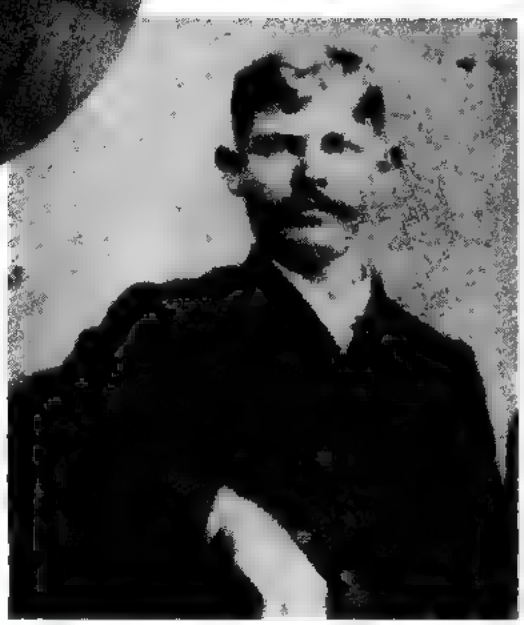
MOST of the outlaws during the Indian Territory days of Oklahoma sought material things—bank deposits, railway express car valuables, wallets, watches and jewelry of individuals, and fine livestock on remote ranches. If there is a credit side of the ledger for those outlaws who kept Judge Parker's marshals busy, it was the fact that they shied from any mistreatment of women.

services at a brush arbor which was the forerunner of the present-day Boston Avenue United Methodist Church in Tulsa. J. I. Belford is the last surviving attendee of that congregation's fledgling days.

"OF COURSE my father had heard that the Indian Territory was a place where gunslinging outlaws operated," Belford says, "but like most new settlers, we didn't pay much attention to the stories. Then Cousin Frank took me to a little road by the Tulsey depot. He showed me three bullet holes in a telegraph pole where, the year before, Bob Dalton had fired a six-shooter while riding on a galloping horse. Those three bullet holes were finger-level in the pole —he really knew how to handle a gun."

A. D. and Adaline Hodge Orcutt were prominent pioneer ranchers in the area. Their spread had a stock-watering pond that was later encompassed by the growing town. For years the pond was known as Orcutt Lake. (Today it is the sylvan setting of Swan Lake at 18th and Utica Streets.) The Orcutts aided Newt Belford in selecting a site for his trading post, about five and a half miles north of the present town of Beggs.

"Father built our house first—a rawhide house of green lumber with a shake roof. I think I must have made half of those shakes. Then he built the store. It was made of cottonwood 1x12s with a cedar shingle roof. The store opened in 1894 with stock purchased from the J. M. Hall store in Tulsa. Soon we had a postoffice in our store, and it was named 'Orcutt, I. T.,' after A. D. and Adaline



Opposite left: The Buck Gang in leg irons (left to right): Maomi July, Sam Sampson, Rufus Buck, Lucky Davis and Lewis Davis. Top: The massive gallows at Fort Smith. The Buck Gang, hanged as a quintet, were numbers 74, 75, 76, 77 and 78 out of the total 79 culprits sentenced to the gallows by Judge Isaac C. Parker. Above: A. D. Orcutt. Above right: J. I. Belford knew the members of the gang when he was a boy in the Indian Territory. Right: N. R. "Newt" Belford rounded up a posse.

Not so for the Buck Gang, whose members were branded a "depraved bunch of dogs" by the newspapers of 1895. And Indian Territory residents, both Indians and whites, thought this was an insult to the dog population.

After the shooting of Marshal Garrett, the gang rode away from Okmulgee and encountered widow Mary Wilson on the road. She was in the process of moving from one farm to another, using two wagons driven by her young son and a hired man. At gun point, the gang ordered Mrs. Wilson out of the wagon, and made the wagon drivers proceed. Each member of the gang then brutally assaulted the woman. Later, as she fled hysterically down the road, they fired shots at her heels.

The outlaws next encountered a horseman, Jim Staley. They robbed him of his horse and saddle, fifty dollars, and a gold watch. They also debated among themselves about shooting their victim but for some reason let the terrified man flee unharmed. Probably they enjoyed his fright too much to shoot him.

The Buck Gang then headed for the Herford Ranch, not far from the Belford store. The ranch foreman, Gus Chambers, was known to have fine horses on the spread, and the gang intended to steal them. However, Chambers managed to reach refuge in his house and was able to protect the corral gate with blasts from his shotgun. Frustrated, the gang riddled Chambers' house with rifle fire and left.

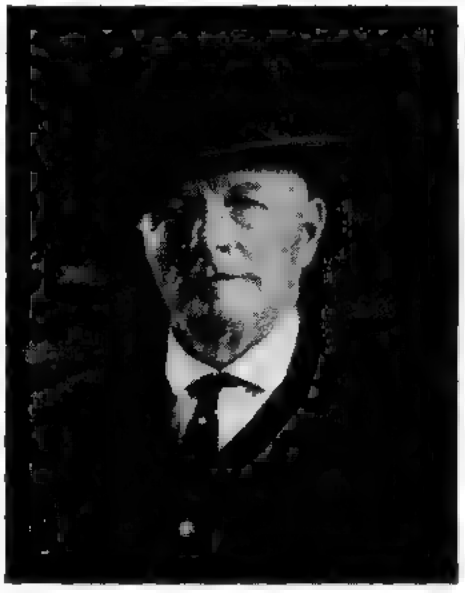
The next victim was Benton Callahan, a stockman. The gang robbed him and even took his clothes and boots. They then amused themselves by firing at Callahan as he fled naked. Some stray shots wounded the stockman's hired hand.

At the prompting of Lewis Davis, the Buck Gang next went to Henry "Hank" Hassen's ranch near Newt Belford's store. As soon as the armed bunch of ruffians accosted Hassen he knew something was in the wind. He had argued some time previously with Lewis Davis over Creek tribal affairs, during which he had noticed Davis' close scrutiny of his wife, pretty Rosetta Hassen.

Hassen tried to defend himself. He ran into his house to get his Winchester rifle, but Maomi July, entering the back door, beat him to the weapon. Others in the house were Rosetta's aged mother and three small Hassen children. Roughly Rufus Buck ordered the old lady to take the three children and leave, or he would "throw the damn brats in the creek." Then the gang leader told Rosetta to prepare a meal.

After stuffing themselves, the gang members ransacked the house, taking all valuables they could find, including women's apparel. For a time the outlaws amused themselves by donning feminine bits of clothing and cavorting "like Satan's imps." Then Lewis Davis took Rosetta Hassen out to the barn while the other gang mambers kept their rifle barrels jammed against Hank Hassen's head. One by one, the outlaws followed Davis in the rape of Rosetta Hassen. Later she fled in a state of shock to a nearby orchard.

When Hassen's hired man came to the house, the outlaws, covering the surprised man with their rifles, decided to give him a good scare. They forced him to "wrestle and dance" with Hank Hassen in a pool of water. The outlaws fired shots at their victims' feet to "keep them moving." Tiring of their sport, the ruffians mounted their horses and warned the two exhausted men that they would "come back and silence them for good" if they reported the incident. The outlaws then spurred their horses into gallops and rode away.



Left: Deputy Marshal Sam Haynes led the manhunt. Above: Deputy Marshal Bud Ledbetter. Right: Deputy Marshal Paden Tolbert helped avoid a lynching.

J. I. BELFORD in recalling those hectic days of his boyhood, provides some interesting sidelights about the infamous Buck Gang:

Shortly before the gang went on its rampage, Lewis and Lucky Davis came to Newt Belford's store with twenty-three fine hogs they wanted to sell. Newt suspected that the hogs were stolen but Lewis insisted that he and Lucky had "raised them back in the woods." Newt remarked casually to Lewis that he had not made a trip to the Tulsa bank lately and that he had only $21 in cash. He offered that amount for the hogs and balance in trade at the store. Lewis decided he would take Hostetter's Bitters in trade and accepted Newt's twenty-one silver dollars.

J. I. Belford, an interested ten-year-old spectator, saw Lewis furtively hide the big coins in a secret coin pocket of his cartridge belt. Then Lewis and Lucky grabbed up their bottles of bitters and left.

The next day a passerby left a cartridge belt with holstered six-gun and two hats at the store, stating that he had found them under a tree. This honest fellow said that he found the articles not far from the store, and the owners would probably be by asking about their property.

"I told my father to look inside the cartridge belt and he would find twenty-one dollars," J. I. Belford stated, "and he was surprised when he found them. The real owner of the hogs, Jensie George who lived nearby with her husband, had already been by, identified her property, and herded them home."

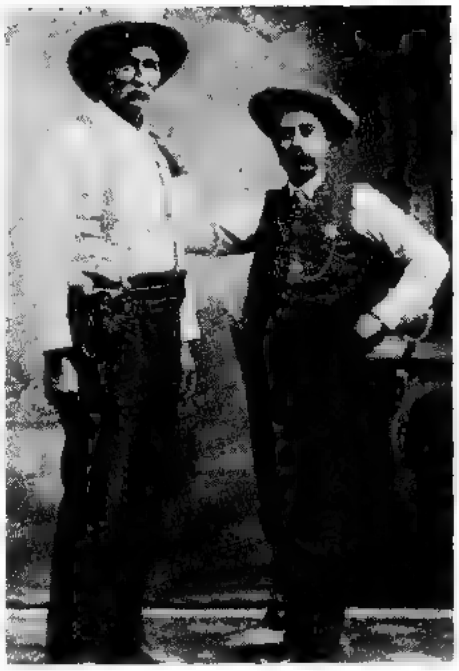
Lewis and Lucky Davis had gone on a

"bitters binge" and left the gun belt and hats under the tree.

"After the attack of the Buck Gang on Hank Hassen's wife." Belford said, "Hank came to our place. I was already in bed but I could hear him telling my father about it. Father saddled a horse and rode off to gather a posse. Each neighbor he contacted saddled up and notified one other neighbor. By sunup there were over a hundred armed men gathered at the store.

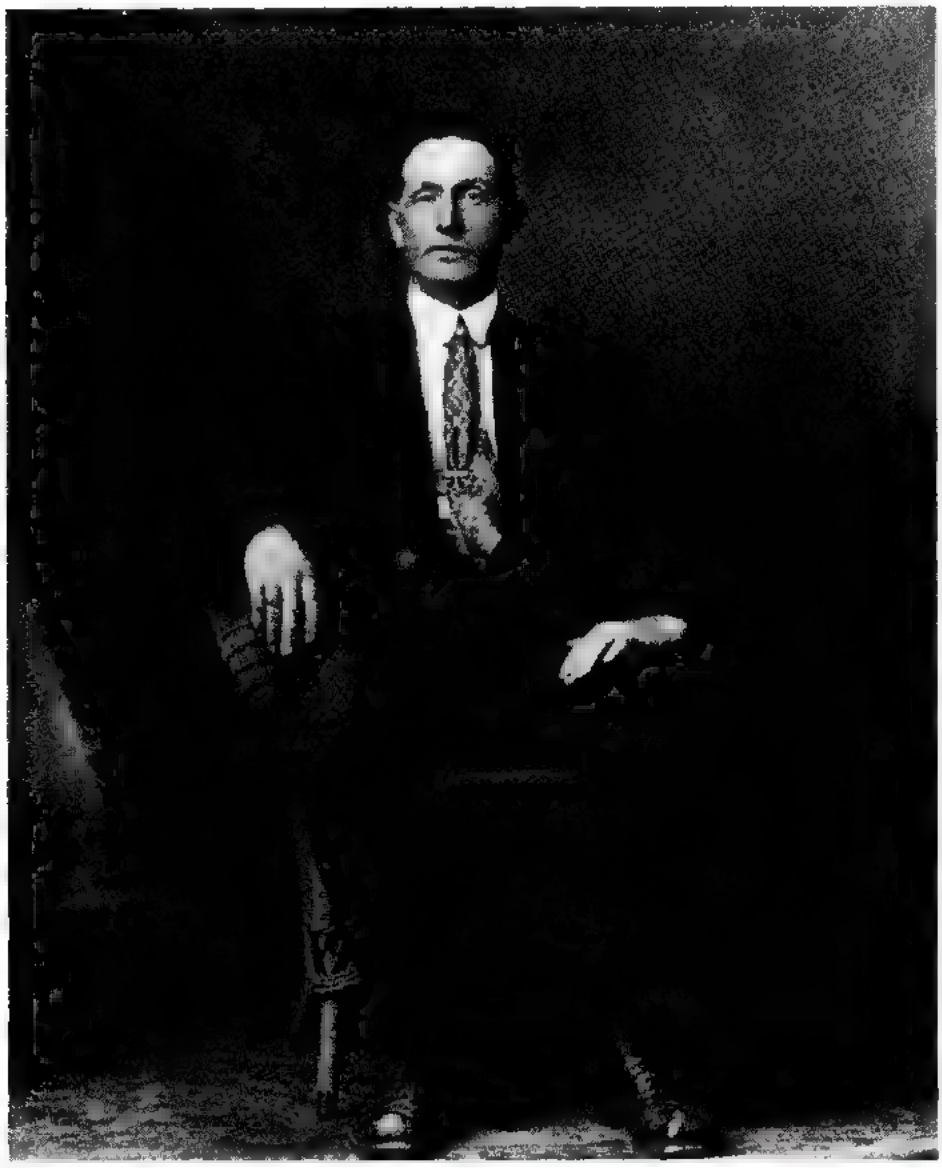
"Lewis Davis knew that Hank Hassen was a professional buck-and-wing dancer, but he suffered from chills occasionally that made his muscles cramp. That was why Lewis forced Hank and the hired man to wrestle in water. He made them get into a spring near the Hassen ranch, and the water was icy cold. That would put a stop to Hank's dancing for some time!"

Belford recalls some of the people who formed the posse, many of whom were Creeks. Including his father, Newt Belford, they were Hank Hassen, Cicero Stevens, Hank Wills, Alex McNack, Parney Sewel, Dave Snakya, Ben McIntosh, John Lunsford, Ben Grayson, Jo Friday, Pleasant "Duke" Berryhill, Dave Derisaw, Turner Taylor and Albert Stake.



Also in the posse were Lighthorse Captain Edmund Harry and Lighthorsemen Tom Grayson, George Brown and Skansey. Deputy Marshals Sam Haynes and N. B. Irwin joined the group and others soon followed suit.

Above: Deputy Marshals John West (left) and John Peacock were among the Federal officers who battled the Buck Gang. Below: Deputy Marshal Frank Jones joined in the pursuit.



MEANTIME, the Buck Gang, dodging the angry posse, began to feel the pangs of hunger. On August 7, the gang stomped into Newt Belford's place of business. Young Belford was "minding the store" and he recalls his uneasiness: "Lewis Davis announced that the bunch was hungry. I cut a big slice off a wheel of cheese and told them to help themselves to cans of sardines and crackers."

After they had stuffed themselves, Lewis handed the boy a ten-dollar bill. But Newt Belford had the foresight not to leave cash in the store while he was away on posse duty.

"I don't have any change in the cash drawer," J. I. explained to the outlaw.

"That's all right," Lewis Davis replied. "We'll be back."

When Newt Belford checked in at his home for a few minutes' respite from manhunting, he gave the store key to his young son. It was Newt's opinion that the outlaws would not harm a small boy, and there was no use of their having to break down the door if they came back.

On August 9, the Buck Gang did return. J. I. Belford and his six-year-old brother were in the store when the outlaws entered. Lewis Davis immediately wanted to know the whereabouts of Newt Belford.

"Where's your pappy?" Lewis growled.

"Didn't you see him at the hog pen when you were riding in?"

"He ain't there," Lewis growled again.

"Maybe he is up in the orchard," J. I. suggested.

Then the youngest Belford boy piped up: "He ain't neither—he's out hunting the Buck Gang!"

The men laughed uproariously at the startled look on J. I. Belford's face. Then Lewis Davis turned to him and made the old-fashioned "for shame" gesture with the two forefingers of his hand.

"Little boy, tell truth!" he ordered.

With this warning Lewis Davis quickly got down to business. He plucked a pair of boots that hung on the center post of the store, and cut about a yard and a half of quarter-inch rope from a coil to tie the boots together. Then he went behind the counter and stuffed the boots full of cartridges, including shotgun shells. At this moment, Freeland Bruner, a Creek who was suspected of riding with the Buck Gang, entered the store. Bruner shook hands with the gang members and they chatted, sometimes in Creek, sometimes in Euchee, and a few times in English. J. I. overheard some startling remarks when the group lapsed into English:

"Where you go next?" Bruner inquired.

"We go Tuesday sunup around lake, and south to the spring and east to the

(Continued on page 48)

Jim Bullard, the Avenger

(Continued from page 18)

On a mesa, he stopped his horse and looked back. They were now straggling along in groups. For the moment he had them bested.

After resting his horse for a few minutes, Jim rode on, in a long swinging pace. He had accomplished his purpose. The body of his beloved brother—a brother who had been his best pal—was now safe.

HAVING satisfied himself that the Indians had given up the chase, Jim rode closer into the hills. At mid-afternoon he came to a stream where he watered his horse and ate some dried deer meat. After resting a couple of hours, he rode on, skirting the south end of the mountains. During the night he stopped again for a short rest. He was in Silver City by 10:00 in the morning, in time for the funeral.

Confusion in the little village was terrific. Sorrow over the loss of John Bullard, a friend to all in the community, was mingled with rage toward the Indians who had murdered him, and fear as to who would be next.

The nearest newspaper was at Las Cruces, some 100 miles from Silver City —*The Borderer*. Under the date line of March 16, 1871 it came out with an off-the-cuff story of the death of John Bullard. As there was no telegraph at that time, news had to come by messenger over all but impassable roads, often beset by Indians. Accurate details under such conditions could be scarce, leaving an editor to put two and two together as best he could. So it must have been with the *The Borderer* editor. John Bullard was described by him not as the seasoned prospector that he was, but as a mild inexperienced individual "with his gun and his faithful dog."

He had left Silver City, the paper stated, on "Feb. 24, ultimo," with a crowd of army men and prospectors, to track down a band of Indians who had been making raids on Silver City (such expeditions were the order of the day). The Indians were overtaken, the article continued, and in the shootout that followed, Bullard was killed. When he had leaned over a young Indian he thought to be dead, this wild Apache "drew a pistol from his belt" and "shot him through the heart."

In the excitement of that terrible time, the inaccuracy of the article may have gone unnoticed. That Bullard was after copper, not Indians as such, when killed, probably was not important. But the printed page remained for posterity to see, while the facts in the case, as Joe Yankie related them to me and to others, have gone into the limbo of things that are lost.

The death of John Bullard was a cruel blow to the plans of his grief-stricken partners. Amos Weeks gave up, disposed of his silver mining interests, and returned to civilization. Jim Bullard and Joe Yankie threw in with five other prospectors and went back to Arizona. In 1872 they located three big copper claims, the Arizona Central, Yankie, and Longfellow in what is now the Morenci-Clifton area. They also established the town of Clifton. But the Indians were so out of control, development of the mines had to wait.

Joe Yankie was to become one of the first to find gold in eastern Arizona. With Jim, it was different. Losing his brother left an indelible mark. He became the mystery man of the region. We would see him in Silver City now and then when, after long absences, he would come in for supplies.

Always his shoes and clothes would be worn to a frazzle, his hair and beard unkempt, his face and hands deeply tanned by the torrid sun. In his eyes there was always the same penetrating gleam, a gleam that would soften when he grasped the hand of a friend. But he gave no hint as to where he had been. This went on for several years.

Then one morning Jim came into a store and laid three braids of coarse black hair on the counter. "What will you give me for these?" he asked in a jocular tone.

At first glance the braids appeared to be from the mane of a horse; but closer inspection showed that each braid was attached to a piece of dried skin the size of a silver dollar. We knew the truth at last.

During those long, unexplained years, Jim had never ceased his search for the band who had been the murderers of his brother. He had trailed them through the wildest areas of the Mogollons, to their retreats on the border of Mexico, and from there northward to the line of the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona, and then back again. Finally, he had found them—or some of them.

Shortly after that memorable morning —I happened to be in the store at the time—Jim Bullard left Silver City and the frontier to live in the East.

Lost Cannon of Hernan Cortes

(Continued from page 23)

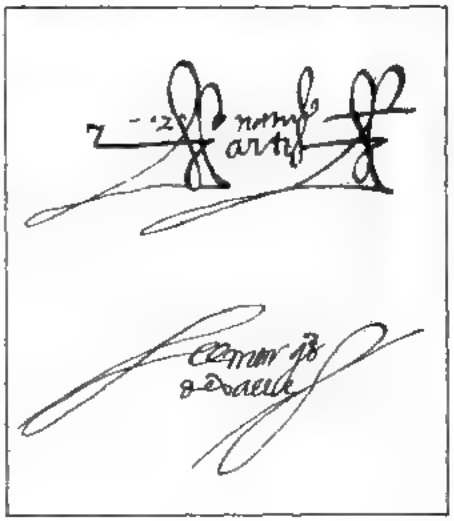
several tales. In spite of the wealth of the Indies, Charles V was always in a tight financially as witnessed by another passage from Cortes' letter: "Likewise I am sending Your Sacred Majesty sixty thousand *pesos de oro* belonging to Your Royal revenues, as Your Highness will see from the accounts which the officials and I are sending: and we venture to send such a sum all together . . . for the need we feel that Your Majesty must have for it."

A tale told by the soldier and chronicler Bernal Diaz del Castillo might shed some light on the fate of the culverin. It was written some fifty-odd years after the cannon's arrival, and while he was not an enemy of Cortes, neither did he stretch the truth to defend him.

His story is that Charles V was struck with the idea that there might be a high percentage of gold in the piece, and he had a sample taken. On the basis of that sample he turned it over to Don Francisco de Cobos, the treasurer of Leon, who melted down the cannon before it got to Seville and refined twenty thousand ducats of gold out of the silver, the equivalent of fifty thousand *pesos de plata* or five thousand *pesos de oro*. Thus a fabulous piece of art was reduced to scrap.

In 1970 and 1971 Commander Mendel Peterson of the Smithsonian Institution spent two years in Europe examining old artillery and photographing beautiful guns, and if such a piece were in any known museum or artillery, he would have found it. The Phoenix must have been destroyed, never to rise from its ashes.

Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the mother of Charles I of Spain.



Signatures of Hernan Cortes in paleography with rubrica. In the bottom signature, Cortes had been *Marquis del Valle* for nearly 20 years.

THE CAPTURE OF PEG LEG

Left: Jim Hoover, the man who caught Peg Leg. Above: The author, Arthur Clements.

The crippled killer was hated by every rancher in the country, but his last day of life was nothing short of gallant

BY ARTHUR CLEMENTS

Photos Courtesy Author

JIM HOOVER grew up near present-day Littlefield, Texas before there was a town. In the spring of 1908 he was working on the Littlefield Ranch, owned by J. P. White, Sr.

Jim's brother-in-law, Hamlin Hill, was foreman. Hill was a serious no-nonsense man of thirty, lean and leathery and suntanned. Because he knew how to handle men as well as cattle, he was well liked—the one complaint being that he got the men out too early. Everybody had to be up and ready to leave the ranch by daylight.

Jim Hoover was a twenty-year-old redhead and a top hand. But he was also at that know-it-all stage that most boys pass through and that mature men call "climbing fool's hill." He would rope or ride any animal on the range that he could catch, be it wild horse or big steer, it made no difference. Indeed, his favorite mount had been turned down by three different horse breakers, and he was five years old when Jim broke him. Under Jim's gentle handling the horse became a pet, with two good saddle gaits, a fox trot, and a running walk that no other horse on the ranch could match. Jim called him Traveler for that reason.

One morning Jim and Hamlin Hill left the ranch together. They were going to ride out a few miles and then separate in order to cover more of the range. They were two or three miles from the ranch when the sun began to cast long shadows across the plains. The country was mostly level and free of timber of any kind except that now and then there would be a low hill with catclaw bushes growing in the draws.

As they rode along talking of the ride they intended to make, their horses suddenly raised their heads and looked toward one of the short draws. Listening intently, the men could hear a sound which they could not identify. It came from a

(Continued on page 60)

GEORGETOWN'S

We'd be satisfied to look this good after a hundred years!

BY JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

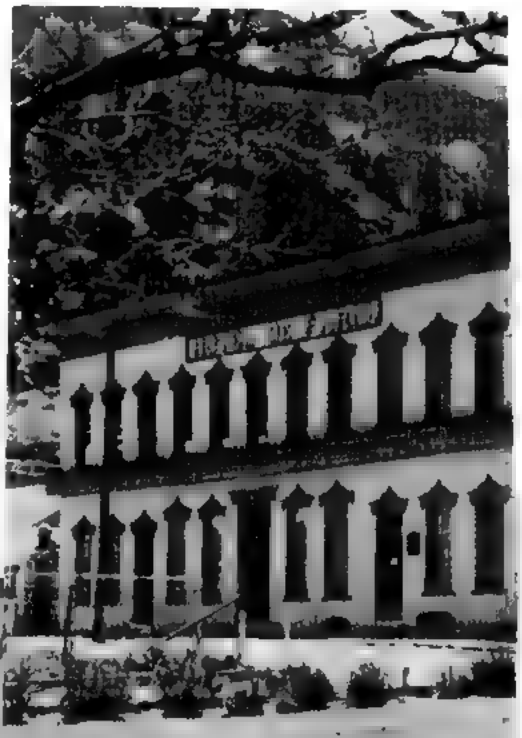
IN the early days of Colorado's mining boom, no questions were asked about a man's past. This was just as well for Louis DuPuy, proprietor of the famous Hotel De Paris of Georgetown, where even then one could order vintage wines and oysters on the half-shell.

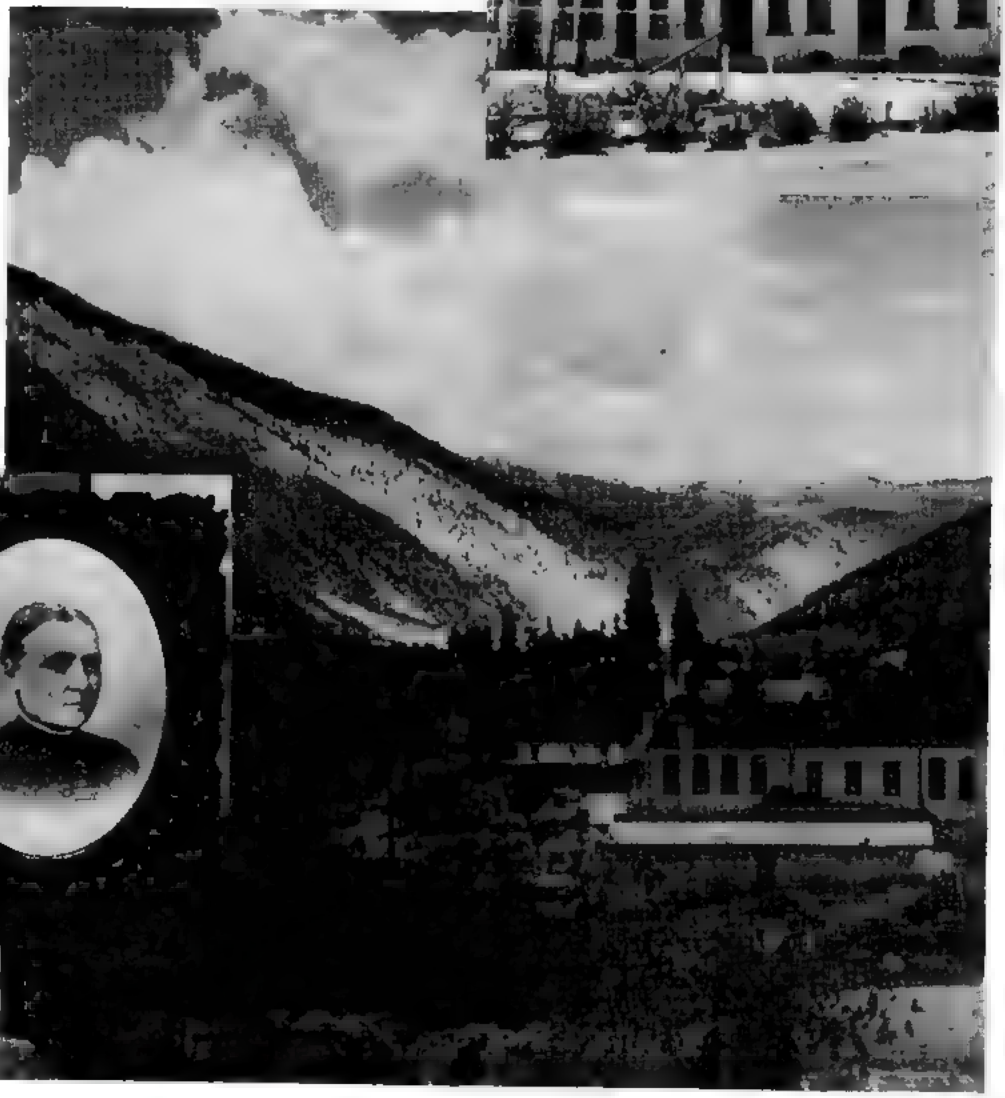
Georgetown was called the "Silver Queen" because of the fabulous wealth her ores produced. More than five thousand people lived there, and in spite of the silver crash of 1893 it never became a ghost town. Today, keeping much of its old atmosphere, it is one of the most charming mining towns in the Rockies and one of its more fascinating features is the old Hotel De Paris, standing almost unchanged from its heyday.

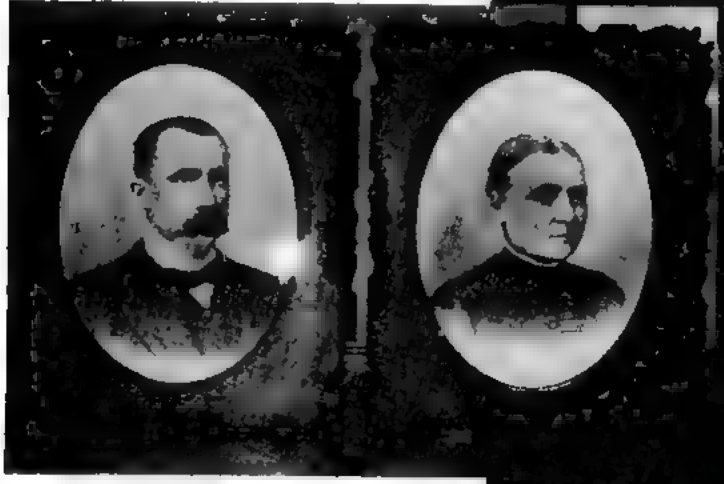
Louis DuPuy appeared in Georgetown in the 1860s, with his burro carrying camp equipment, some good clothes and, unusual for the time and place, some good reading matter. He went to work in the mines, but was injured in a dynamite blast.

Because he had saved the life of another man, Georgetown citizens passed the hat to help him start life anew when he recovered. This time he went to work in a bakery, showed surprising skill, finally took it over and, after a while, announced that he would enlarge it into a restaurant and open a hotel.

In October 1875, Louis opened his remarkable hostelry, complete with Wilton carpets, black walnut paneling, fine cabinet work, a library of classics, marble busts, and an elegant dining room fea-







Above: Louis DuPuy and his housekeeper. Right: Georgetown, Colorado (nestled in a beautiful valley) looking toward the back of the hotel. Top: Hotel De Paris. Far right: The hotel dining room.

HOTEL De PARIS

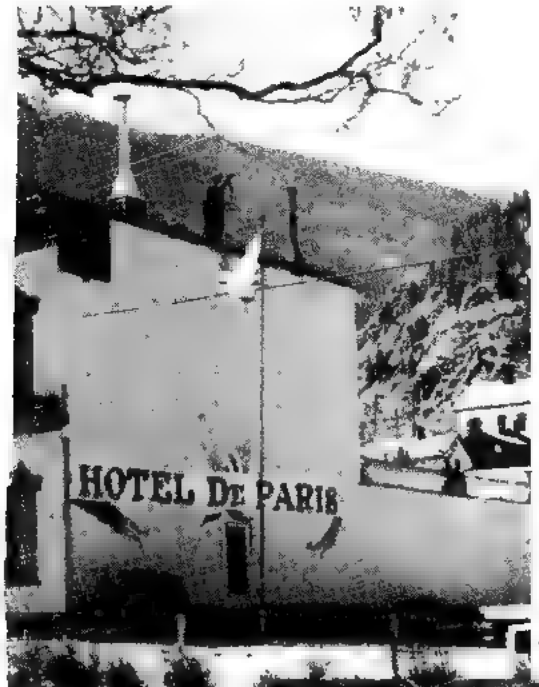


Photo Courtesy Library The State Historical Society of Colorado

turing fine crystal, Haviland china, and an Italianate fountain.

The bedrooms had handsome walnut furniture, lace curtains and, in each one, a washstand with running water! The food from his large kitchen, which he painted red, white and blue, appealed to travelers of all kinds, salesmen, rail tycoons, and even President Grant who visited three times.

Upon the occasion of the hotel's grand opening the editor of the Georgetown *Coal Miner* wrote: "We are confident that the enterprise, energy and good taste displayed by Mr. DuPuy will be rewarded by the patronage of our citizens."

But there were mysteries in connection with the "respectable and energetic citizen," which the editor was lauding. For one thing, he didn't care much for women, although some stopped at his hotel. And of course there were the ubiquitous rumors of a "blighted romance."

He was so eager to discuss philosophy that when he had erudite guests, he would hardly let them break up the talk to go to bed.

LOUIS' mainstay in the hotel where he did most of the gourmet cooking, was Sophie Gallet, an illiterate, older French woman, the widow of the cabinet maker whose fine work adorned the establishment. When Louis died he left everything to her, although a romantic attachment seems unlikely. Sophie survived him by only a few months, was buried by his side in the old cemetery a few miles from town, and may have arranged for the stone monument with both their names and the inscription "Deux Bons Amis."

After Louis' death his story gradually emerged. Born Adolphus Francis Gerard in Alencon, France of a good family, he was sent to a theological seminary, but

(Continued on page 47)

▲ Photo Courtesy Library The State Historical Society of Colorado

Wild Old Days!

Photo Courtesy Author

A HALLOWEEN TRICK THAT WAS NO TREAT

By Hoyt M. Foster

ON Halloween Eve in 1874 A "Blue Norther" had just passed through picturesque Sabinal Canyon of the Edwards Plateau region of Texas, locally referred to as the "Hill Country."

Indian raids in the Sabinal Canyon had tapered off and its white settlers could move about more freely. So it was on this day in 1874 that a young man named A. L. Reed (called El by his friends) ventured out into the pasture to check on his livestock and absentmindedly failed to notice a small band of renegade Apaches (believed to be seven).

El Reed was captured. The Indians took him to the top of a hill on the west side of the canyon, stripped him of his clothes and boots, whipped him with tree limbs, and told him to run or they would shoot him.

Reed, being wise in the ways of the Apaches, knew that to run would be exactly what the raiders would like, so he walked to the edge of the hill and down through a break in the ledge. Just as Reed passed out of sight the Indians let fly a volley of arrows above his head.

Reed ran for dear life. He reached the river two miles away and followed it to the Gid Thompson place, five miles north of the town of Utopia. High Thompson was plowing the garden with an old ox when he heard someone calling. Tying the ox, he walked to the bluff along the bank of the Sabinal River. There he saw Reed cowering in the bushes.

"El, what on earth are you doing naked?" he asked.

"The Indians caught me," El replied.

High gave him some of his clothes, took him to the house and doctored his wounds.

THIS STORY was related many times by my father, L. S. Foster. My grandfather, John P. Foster, traded a yoke of oxen to El Reed in 1886 for the land where this ambush took place. The trail leading through the mountain pass was used as a horseback trail from Vanderpool to Leakey for many years and has been known as the El Reed Trail for

Photo Courtesy Author

Above left: The arrowheads found. Left: Oval indicates where the author and his daughter found the arrow points. Right: Break in the ledge where El Reed made his escape. Below: The author backtracking Reed's escape route.

Photo Courtesy Author

Photo Courtesy Author

ninety years. I still own and occupy the property where this event occurred.

The Indian story I had heard so many times was verified a short while back when my daughter found six different arrow points within a fifty-foot circle directly down the hill from the point where Reed was said to have passed over the ledge.

One arrow point was damaged on one side, indicating it had been in free flight and had finally struck the ground at an angle. The arrow points were of different kinds, sizes and makes of materials not generally found in this part of Texas. No other arrow points or even flint could be found other than the six points mentioned. It can be presumed that someone had already found the seventh arrow point, or who knows? It may still be there. R. G. "Rob High" Thompson, Sr. filled in many of the details of El Reed's memorable Halloween. His grandfather,

(Continued on page 44)

Mystery of Wolf Creek Point

(Continued from page 11)

erased the man from his mind and the incident was forgotten.

About a week later, Earl Briscoe, the rider for the Matador Ranch at Rustler Camp, rode up to the Smith corral.

"Joe," he began, "there's something strange going on at the foot of Wolf Creek Point. A few days ago I was riding by there when I noticed a hole about three feet across, and about that deep. The digging was fresh, but I couldn't see hide or hair of a living soul around there. I followed a man's tracks a little ways but soon lost them in a rocky little creek. I made a mark on the inside of the hole, though, so I could check on things. Today I went by there again, and that hole was a good two feet deeper. Gold hunters, I guess. I've had everything else on this ranch to contend with lately— screw worms, cow thieves, and fence cutters—but no treasure hunters that I know of. Let's ride up to the point in the morning before daylight." Smith agreed.

Next morning before daybreak the two riders headed north, riding on top of the Cap Rock close to the edge of the rough country until they reached Wolf Creek Point. Then they rode east down the center of the narrow piece of land so as not to be seen by someone on either side below. They tied their cowponies to some mesquite bushes and crept toward the edge of the bluff.

It was then that Joe Smith saw something on Earl Briscoe that he'd never seen before, a pair of field glasses and a Colt's .45.

At the edge of the bluff Briscoe trained his glasses on a spot below. He looked awhile, pointed, and handed the glasses to Smith. Both viewers saw the mound of fresh dirt, and Briscoe swore that it was larger than he had last seen it the night before. The two men held their position until well into the afternoon, and then for want of food and water, rode away. Not a thing moved except the waving buffalo grass all the time they were on the point.

Two days later, Briscoe was again at the Smith corral. "Joe," he said worriedly, "this thing at Wolf Creek Point has got me beat. I was by there again yesterday, and that hole is six feet deep and much wider. There must be two of 'em—one to dig, and the other to watch. Let's go again tonight."

A little after sundown, Smith and Briscoe were on their way to Wolf Creek Point. This time they stayed up all night. The moon was bright and they could see plainly everything around the base of the point. But not a sign of a person appeared. At daylight they split up and rode toward their homes.

NOTHING more was done about Wolf Creek Point for awhile, but sometime later Smith saw Earl Briscoe in Roaring Springs.

"Joe," Briscoe started out at once, "night before last, Mr. Jackson—John Jackson, range manager of the Matador —sent a boy from headquarters with a message for me. The kid swung west from Matador along the Cap Rock to look at things as he went by, just before sundown. He got to Rustler about ten o'clock, and the first thing he said was that he was sure he had seen a light at the foot of Wolf Creek Point as he passed there. But he went on to say that it was impossible for a light to be there. He thought he was just seeing things. I told him what we'd been seeing and doing and asked him to go with me to the point.

"We caught up two fresh horses and made it over there in no time, must have been there by midnight or before. No one was around, but the hole was deeper and you could tell that digging had been going on that very night."

Well, spring was at hand, roundup time was near, and Wolf Creek Point was sidetracked. But late that summer Joe Smith was at the Lyman mail station along the Cap Rock on the Floydada-Matador line. The mail hack carried a few passengers and deposited mail at Lyman for the scattered settlers. Wolf Creek Point was only a few miles to the south. Anyway, Joe Smith and the fellow at Lyman fell to talking, and Smith mentioned the Wolf Creek episode.

The man at Lyman perked up. "Along early this spring," he said, "two odd-looking fellows rode in here from Floydada on the mail hack and got off. I was busy with something and didn't pay any attention to them for awhile. I noticed they had two large suitcases, and from the way they handled them, they must have been heavy.

"They asked me the direction to Wolf Creek Point, and when I told them, they started off walking across the pastures toward it. I thought it was kinda funny. I noticed they didn't have a single bedroll, or any cooking stuff. Or if they did, it was in those suitcases. And they didn't say a word they didn't need.

"Two or three weeks later—I don't exactly remember—I looked up and saw somebody walking across the prairie from the direction of Wolf Creek Point. When he came in sight I could tell he was one of the men I just mentioned. I asked him where his partner was, but he just looked wild and didn't answer me. He didn't have anything with him, not even one suitcase, and when the stage from Floydada came along, he got on and rode east. After he left I wondered about his partner, and what either of them could have wanted at Wolf Creek Point, but then I dismissed it as being none of my affair."

Soon after the talk at Lyman, Earl Briscoe left the Rustler Camp, Joe Smith moved on west, and the years rolled by. Smith did learn from another Matador man, however, that the digging ceased soon after he and Briscoe spent that lonely night on the point, and he always wondered about the elusive diggers who wanted no company, and saw to it that they didn't have any.

Maybe the two men found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but why did just one of them appear at Lyman? What happened to his partner? Was the haul so great that one killed the other and left him at the foot of Wolf Creek Point? If a cache was found and the one who appeared at Lyman had murdered his buddy for it, how did he propose to get his booty out of the country? And why wasn't he taking at least part of it along?

Only lonely Wolf Creek Point can explain the riddle of over fifty years ago—or the man who boarded the mail hack that day, if he's still living.

Reincarnation in Walla Walla

(Continued from page 21)

would put him in a psychological "furnace." One member reported, "Davies would turn his back on the offender and if he looked at him at all it was with a frown on his face."

Apparently it was effective because the same member added, "The consequence was, men would leave and their families would for some reason refuse to go with them."

One man suffered a more physical fate. He had broken his arm, and Davies, who had been three and one half miles away, claimed to have done it in punishment for disobedience. The event apparently made the victim a true believer for he later testified, "If it is the will of God my Creator to break my arm it is all right with me."

Davies taught that his powers could help as well as harm. On September 8, 1872 he preached, "I can throw my coat on a sick person and death cannot take him."

With Davies' strong leadership and the members' devotion the Kingdom prospered in economic affairs. An article in the Walla Walla *Statesman* on August 10, 1878 described the camp. "The houses are built in a cluster, all neat and tiny. The women and children are scrupulously clean with the men and boys all wearing long hair. They have the latest agricultural equipment with ample sheds for cattle and hay.

"As far as possible the camp is self-sufficient. They grow sugar cane and have a mill to make sugar and molasses. Hemp is grown to make rope and cordage, and in the winter the young men make brooms from broom corn. Their printing shop would set some to shame. Davies' word as a matter of trade will go as far as any man's."

In a little over two years the same newspaper would be ridiculing Davies and his community.

THE DECLINE of the colony began in May 1879 when Mrs. Davies died of diphtheria. His wife's death was a personal loss to Davies, but when on February 15 and 20 of the following year David and Arthur also died of diphtheria it was a loss far more serious. Two-thirds of the Holy Trinity was gone.

One member of the camp testified later, "This shook the faith out of me. Davies taught that disease could never come into camp and if it did he had the power to cure it."

Gradually other of Davies' teachings were brought into question, and in Octo-

ber 1880 three former members of the camp brought suit against him. The three, A. B. Cilley, A. J. Courtney, and Thomas W. Evans claimed that Davies had falsely stated his beliefs in order to cheat them. They wanted $10,280 in damages for labor and gifts contributed to the community.

The trial was held during the first three months of 1881. The plaintiffs charged that Davies and his family lived better than other members of the camp. More serious charges involved Davies' personal conduct.

A story in the Walla Walla *Statesman* on February 5, 1881, headlined "An Amorous Angel," contained the following allegations from the trial testimony of L. D. Lambert: 1—that two young ladies at the camp had children by Davies; 2—that he attempted to seduce another young lady; 3—that he went into the houses of women at late hours of the night.

Lambert qualified his charges by saying, "I can't tell whether they had children or not as I never saw any."

In his testimony Davies replied, "No free love, adultery, or fornication is permitted. The teachings are against any of these evil practices."

Two of the older women with whom Davies was accused of being involved were wives of men he had driven from camp. The two men had been early missionaries in San Francisco for Davies.

On March 19, in an article headlined "The Trials and Tribulation of Our Heavenly Duck Ranch," the *Statesman* summarized the testimony for the defense by ten of the still faithful camp members in one sardonic sentence: "Davies had been a good moral God—above reproach—and always divided up the way the lord should do."

The *Statesman* closed the article with a disclaimer: "The Salt Lake *Tribune* will please not encumber their limited space by crediting this article to us."

Whatever the merits of the case against Davies, the court found for his accusers and awarded them $3,200 of the community property. Later Davies had this comment on the verdict: "It had been understood all the time that they were to receive no pay, but now as God was dead, they concluded that it was a good time for dividing His garments among them."

On June 11, 1881 The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth was sold at a sheriff's sale. The $3,600 received for the land and equipment about equaled the settlement plus court costs.

After the trial the remaining members of the community drifted apart. On September 1, 1881 Davies married a Miss Cornelia S. Perkins who had been a teacher at the camp. In 1882 a daughter was born to the couple.

It must be a tribute to Davies' belief in his own teachings that he declared the baby the reincarnation of his first wife. But does not that also say something about the validity of the moral misconduct charges laid against him? If the charges were true would he want his first wife back? Rebirth of the soul is a mystical thing, and Davies still hadn't answered all the questions when he died in Walla Walla in 1906.

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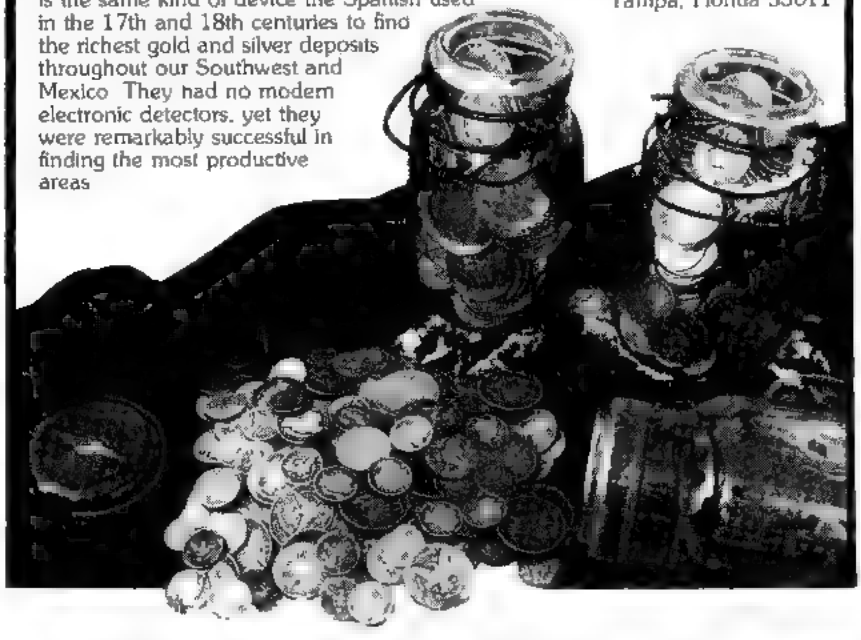

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NO MEDALS FOR MEN OR

BY ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

A picture story of the Los Angeles aqueduct whose construction was one area's salvation and another's doom

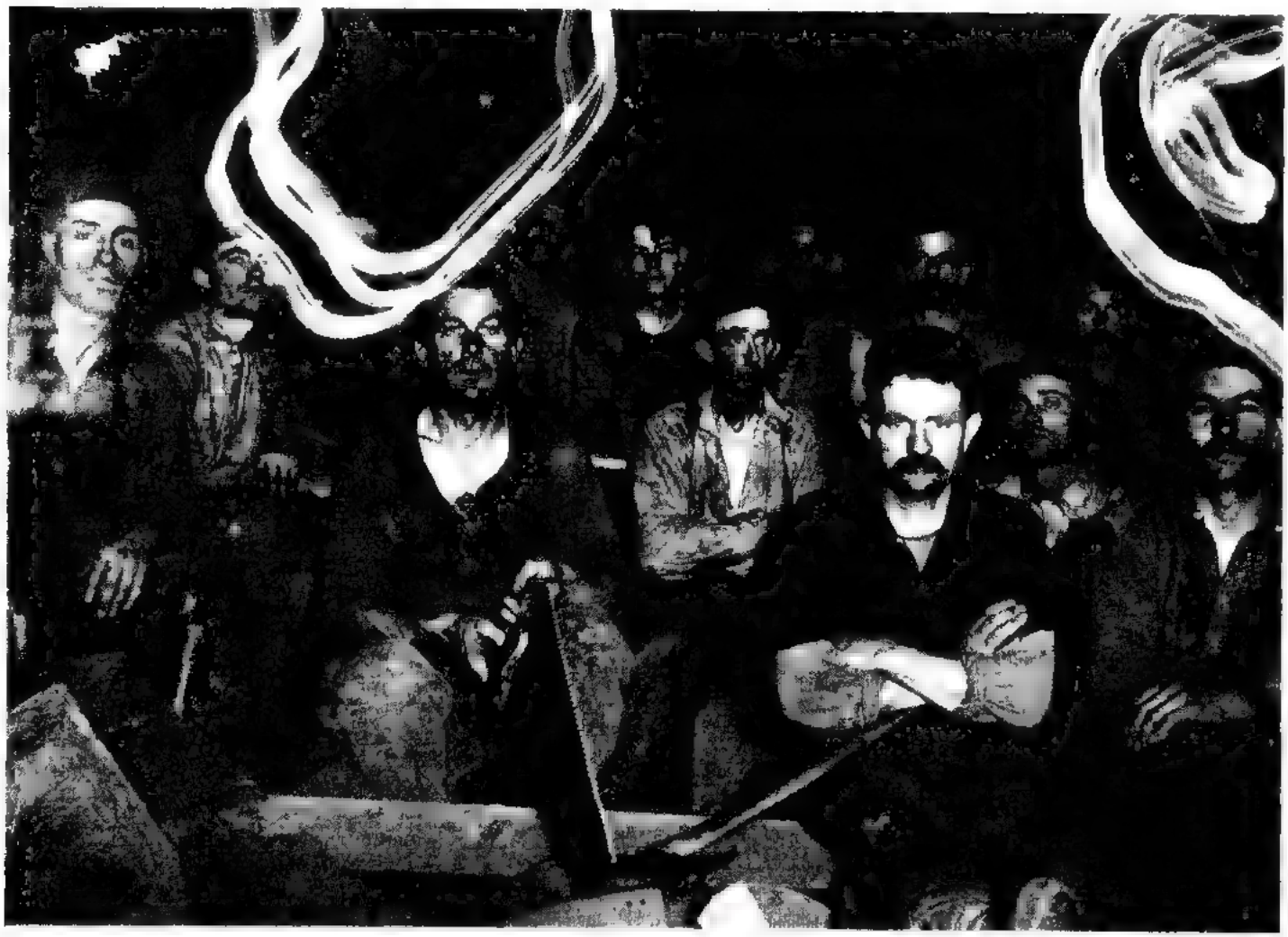
THE Los Angeles Aqueduct, built in the early 1900s, is as long as England is wide. Its construction through, under, and along the east slope of the rugged Sierras and then across the dry windswept Mojave Desert, was no small feat. Mechanization was still in its infancy.

There are bronze tablets and records to attest to the brilliance of the idea of bringing water from Owens River, 250 miles north, to supply the needs of the small city where growth was at a standstill for want of water. Glowing credits and applause were heaped upon the Los Angeles City fathers, the men who dreamed up the project, the engineers and the advisory board. Their names are recorded for posterity. But little remains except a statistical figure to tell of the 1,500 to 3,900 men who worked on the great ditch to make other men's dreams come true.

Fifty-seven camps were scattered along the aqueduct route to house men, corral the mules and horses, and serve as supply centers for miles of work. Though there were a few steam shovels excavating, wherever the terrain permitted, the great majority of work was accomplished by man power and mule power.

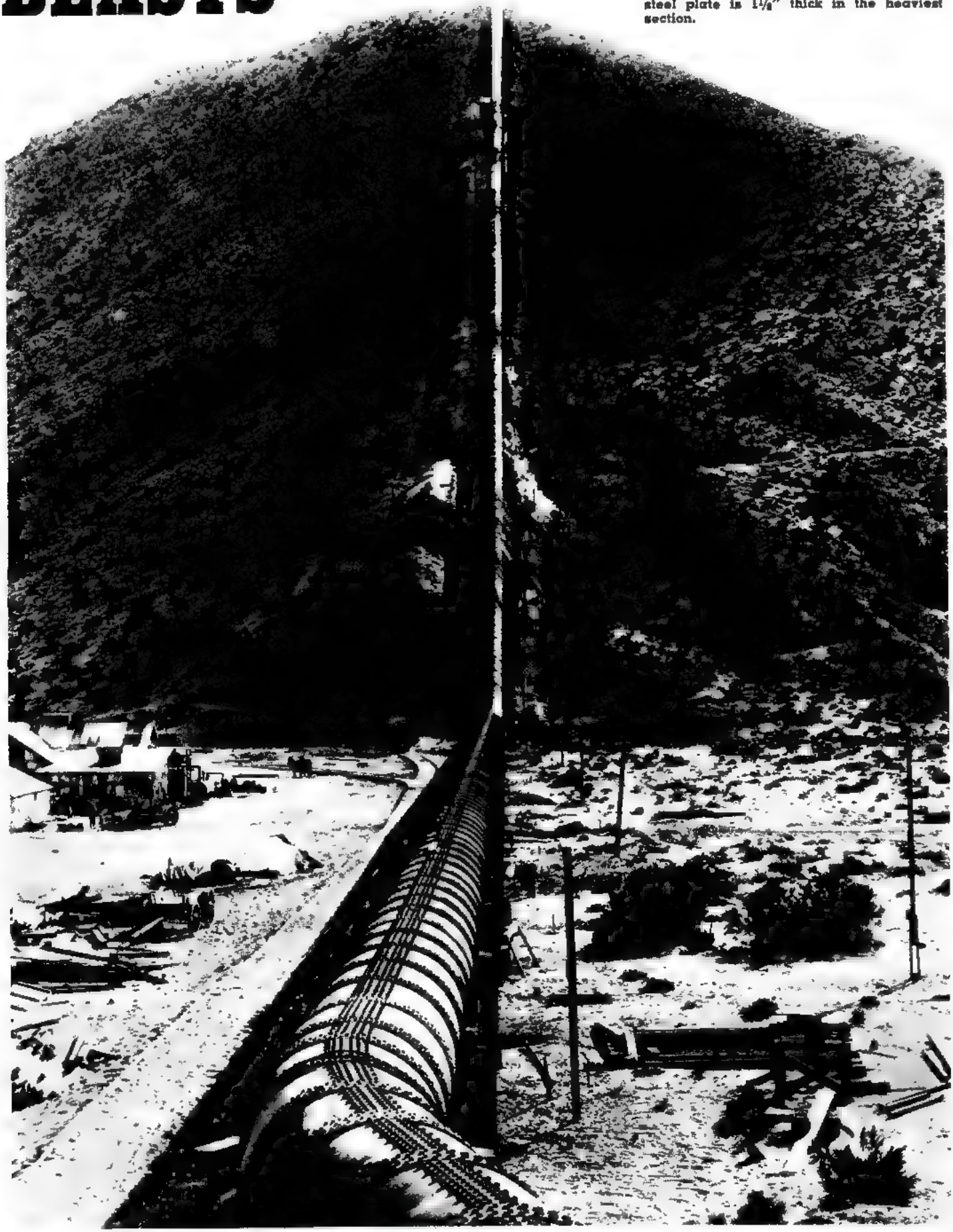
Who were the men who cut the path for the aqueduct and shaped the steel and concrete to carry water to the thirsty city? The records simply report "number of men working" while they go to

Photo taken in aqueduct tunnel by flashlight. R. S. Hamilton, the foreman, is at far left.



BEASTS

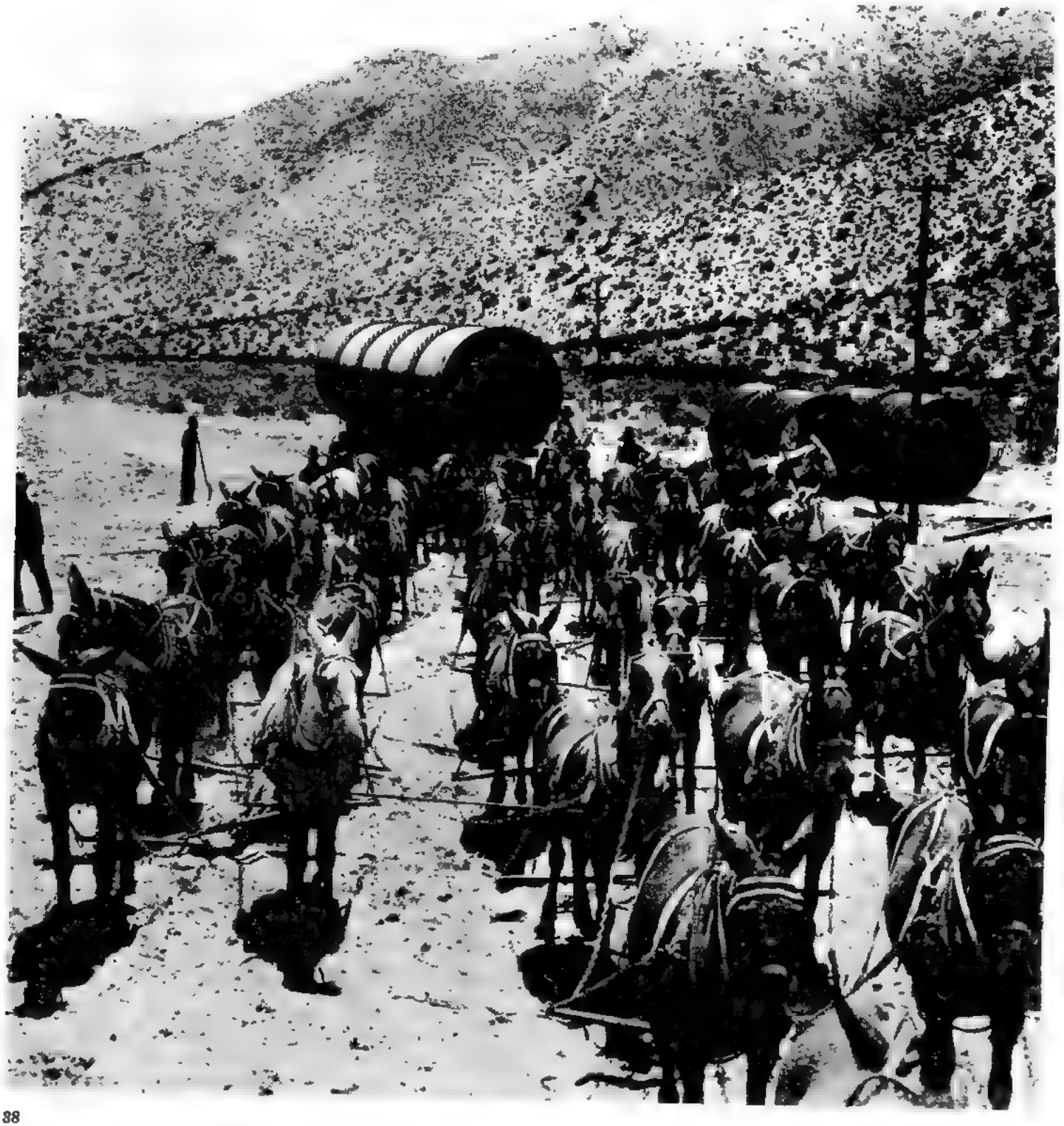
Jawbone Canyon Siphon (looking south) was the most imposing piece of work on the aqueduct. Its total length of 8136', varied in diameter from 7'6" to 10'. The steel plate is 1½" thick in the heaviest section.



great length to extol the fact that the project was completed in less time and for less money than estimated. Practically 4,000 men went virtually unnoticed, compared to the record breaking fact that over six million pounds of blasting powder was used in driving forty-two miles of tunnel with only five men being killed in underground work! And that it took 215 miles of road, 230 miles of pipe line, 337 miles of telegraph and phone lines, and that more than a million barrels of cement went into the 250-mile-long aqueduct; enough cement to have built a six-foot sidewalk from Los Angeles to New York.

But not a word of praise will you find for the freighters who drove long dusty miles in desert heat to deliver these supplies, or for the men who labored in the white dust of mine and mill to produce the cement. Every person in those fifty-seven construction camps filled an important chain in the completion of the aqueduct, but only through the bits recalled by those who experienced its building, directly or indirectly, can one get a picture of the men involved in the 1906-1913 project.

CHARLES SIEBENTHAL was a teenager when construction passed near his father's homestead at Lelider, an area now within the confines of the China Lake naval base. "Things really boomed near the aqueduct camps and though we

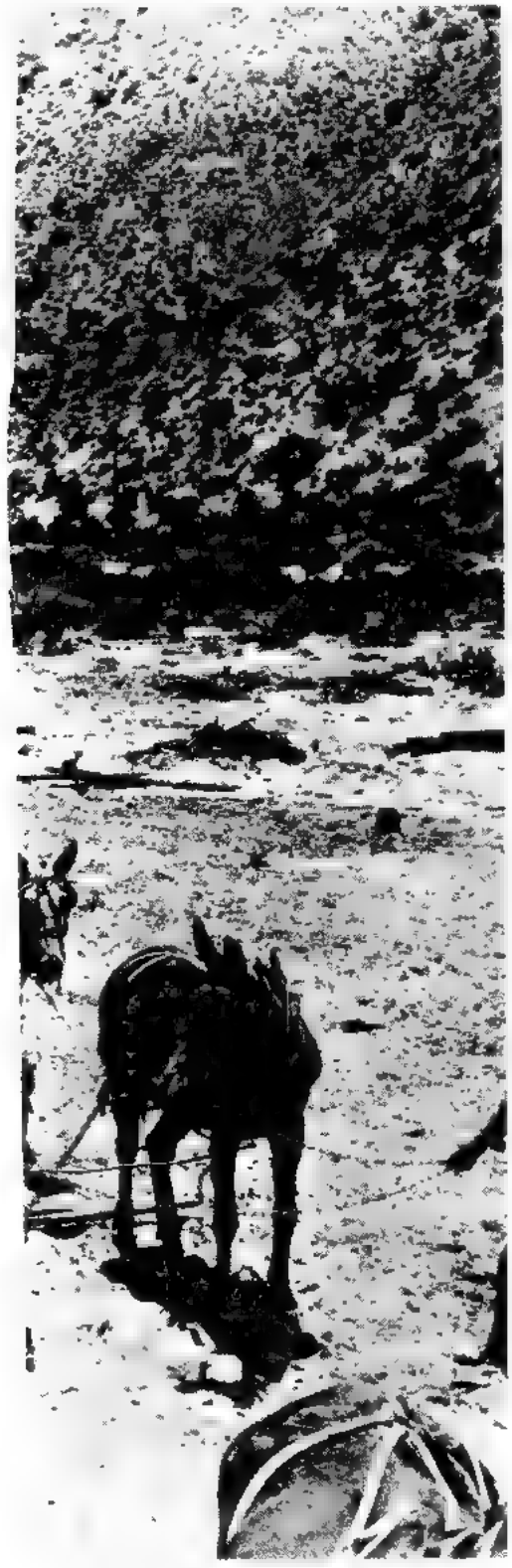


weren't involved, we saw and felt the effects."

Siebenthal remembered that from a boy's point of view the "Slovaks" who were brought in as laborers were massive men. In his words, "Those fellows carried the big wooden piers right up the steep slopes and would transport sand and cement in packsaddle-like containers on their backs. They climbed where mules and horses couldn't go, always with objects of unbelievable weight. The night they were paid was wild and noisy; liquor seemed to bring to a head the fights that had been brewing all week. When two or a bunch of those big fellows got into a brawl they didn't know when to quit. Usually a few dead ones were found lying out in the sand the next morning."

Siebenthal remembered too that a German foreman managed a group of Germans better than some from another country. "There usually were Poles and Czechs on the heavy jobs, Orientals were around the mess hall, and the teamsters were of all races."

The Siebenthal family benefited from the nearby aqueduct camp in a unique way. A slaughter house had been set up near a historic water source, Indian Wells, where the beef used in the camps for miles along the construction route was dressed. "Mother would hand me a dollar and I'd go for fresh meat which was a real treat for us. The chunk of beef that I'd get, then called round steak,



Above: Caterpillers crawled across the desert hauling supplies at the rate of three miles an hour. They frequently had to be hauled out of the sand by the mules they were trying to replace.

Above: Dump wagon used on the aqueduct now preserved at Eastern California Museum, Independence, California. Left: Men and mules move the huge sections of pipe into place.

Commissary at Tunnel Station Camp near Newhall where R. S. Hamilton was foreman of tunnel construction.

Freighters hauled hay, grain and other supplies across miles of the Mojave Desert to the aqueduct camps.

Right: Rodney S. Hamilton, third from left on the back row; Mrs. Hamilton, left in front row; Pearl Norell, far right and her sister, second from right. Boy in front is Pearl's boyfriend.

Left: Pearl Langdon Norell in 1908. Below: Pearl Norell and her sisters slept in the board and canvas tent.

Above: Ten and twelve mule teams haul supplies from division siding.

Below: Corral on right was for aqueduct mules. In the road near the corral are Pearl, her sister, and stepfather.

Below: Boulder Peak Camp near Charles Siebenthal's home at Lelitet.

was so large I'd have to have someone help boost it onto my shoulder and it would entirely block out my vision from that side!"

At about this time a young girl was viewing life along the aqueduct 100 miles south of Siebenthal's point of observation. Pearl Langdon knew little about the men who worked for her stepfather at Tunnel Station between Newhall and San Fernando. The tunnel construction, over which Rodney S. Hamilton was foreman, was close enough to Los Angeles that his family would frequently have Sunday visitors from the city. They were not as isolated at the aqueduct camp as when her father worked in mining camps. Hamilton, an experienced driller and mine tunnel builder, was one of the few men who kept his family with him wherever he worked.

Aqueduct camps provided canvas-topped, board-sided tents for their men —housing from a few to many under one shelter. The Hamiltons were issued one of the smaller, single-room tents, but as the job stretched into weeks at one tunnel, Hamilton managed to improve his family's living conditions. Pearl Langdon laughingly remarked, "We were more elite. Father built us a small house, mostly of apple boxes. It was a great improvement over the tent!"

She couldn't recall that life was ever dull. There were not only frequent visitors from Los Angeles but there were chaperoned Saturday-night dances. "As young as I was, I was a popular dancer and my folks let me have boy friends of their selection. My sister and I took long walks in the desert in spite of the rattlesnakes. Every day seemed filled with exciting things to do; I can't remember ever being bored or wishing we lived somewhere else. There was a kind of excitement in just being a part of the construction job that was bigger than anything else that had been attempted in California or, I guess, anywhere."

ERWIN WIDNEY, as an adult, recalled things about the aqueduct project that had not left an impression on either young Siebenthal or Pearl Langdon. The summer of 1908, Widney left Los Angeles, via train to Mojave, where he had a pass for a ride on a construction train to Cinco, an aqueduct and railroad camp. He alighted in Mojave on payday and found it teeming with what seemed like thousands of construction workers bent upon parting with their hard-earned money. Saloons, dance halls, gambling rooms, and a few small shops lined one side of a dusty street.

"A large pretentious Harvey House along the railroad tracks, and Asher's store on the predominantly saloon-studded street, appeared to be the only respectable places in Mojave," he said.

Widney also told of the deafening noise created by loud, arguing voices, shrill laughter, a different piano tune being banged out in every saloon, all competing with train bells, whistles and the sharp crash of rail cars hitting each other in the endless process of switching.

The construction-train ride from Mojave to Cinco was a slow trip. The odor of liquor and sweating bodies in the

desert heat of July was overwhelming. Fights erupted and men were set a-foot in the sandy waste in an effort to break up fist fights and discourage new ones from erupting. The few sober men tried to stay inconspicuous, being obviously new to the construction world and having spent their earnings on clothing at Asher's instead of quenching their thirst at the Bucket of Blood

Widney pictured Cinco Camp, which contained men and materials for both aqueduct and rail building, as simply chaotic. Great piles of ties, rails, and spikes reached to the rail siding where flat cars, box cars, and tank cars stood in different stages of loading and unloading. In another area wagons, scrapers, pipe, gallon-cans of black powder, cases of dynamite, and boxes dwarfed the stacks of hay. Weaving in and out of the piles of material were the flat-bed freight wagons pulled by ten to twelve mules, answering to the loud commands and verbal fire heaped upon them.

Far in the background, at the foot of the mountains, was a city of tents. Row after row, small and large, the canvas-topped structures baked in the desert sun and did little to keep out the swirling dust caused from the wind and the constant movement of men, mules and machinery.

A long tent served as mess hall and was the center of continuous change. Every train brought in new cooks and hauled out the disenchanted. "One day the food would be good and the next awful—the head cook would have quit or be lying in his tent drunk, and his new assistants weren't always cooks!"

Widney added that some camps were more fortunate. Their cooks stayed through the whole job. But the closer the camp was to Los Angeles, the less stable was the cook staff.

THE hospital tent, manned by two nurses and sometimes an orderly, was also a busy place treating blisters, bruises, and cuts. "Broken bones or serious accidents were given first aid and then the individual was loaded on the first out-going construction train—or a freight wagon if no train was at camp. How many men were killed or missing on the job was of little concern. Through the years the graveyard near Jawbone Siphon, north of Cinco, has faded into the canyon sand. The name boards are gone, identities lost, only one more example of the unknown men of the aqueduct.

Widney told of the busy blacksmith shop which frequently worked around the clock, using lanterns for night work. Repair of wagons and shoeing mules and horses were never-ending jobs. And the railroad had its own blacksmithing problems.

Freighters were some of the most admired men in and out of camp. "Peanuts was a Mexican driver who didn't know a word of English, but was one of the best drivers out of Cinco Camp.He could handle any number of animals using only a line and soft talk. I never saw a bucket of rocks on his wagon."

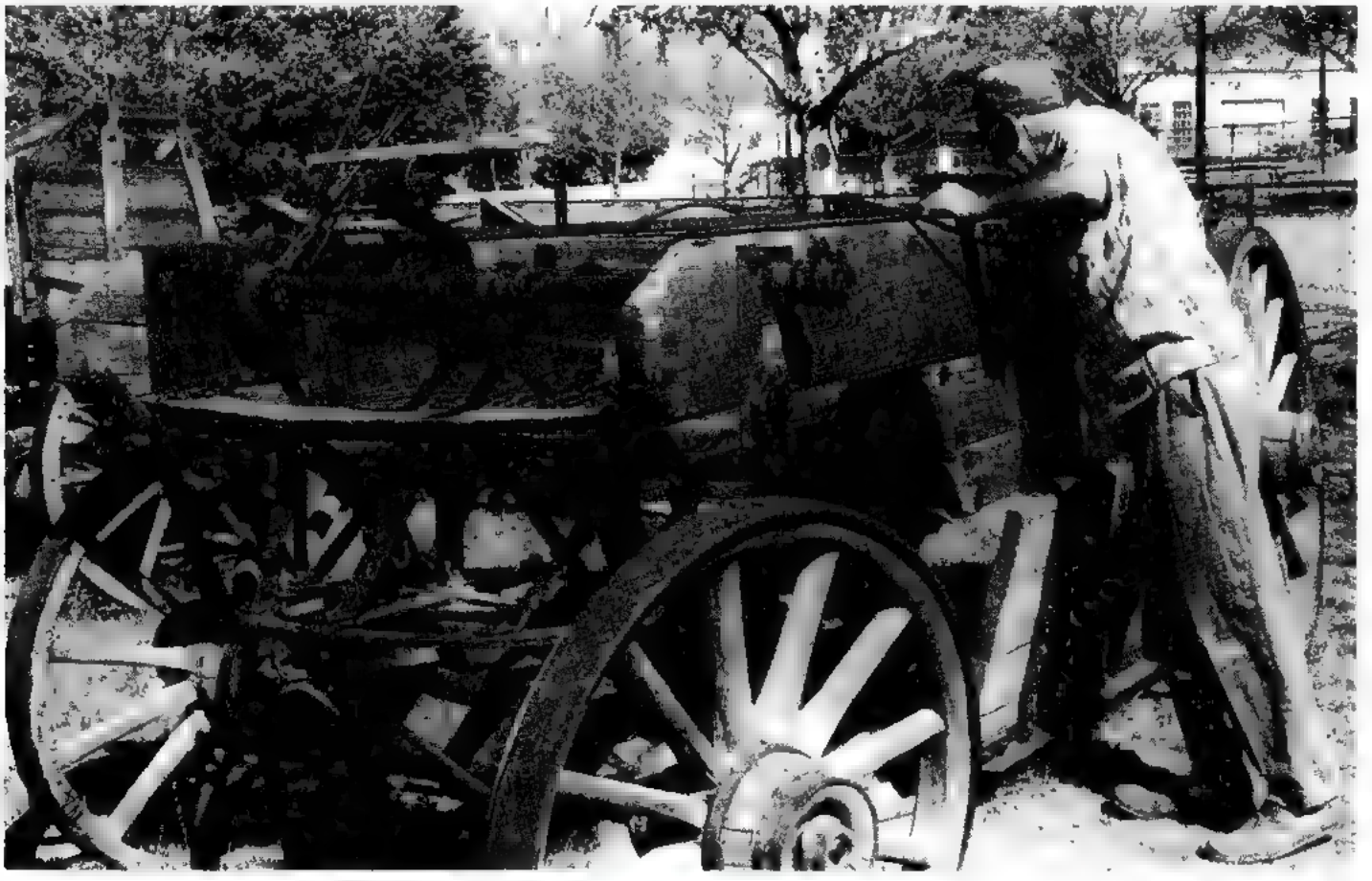
The bucket of rocks, referred to by Widney, was usual equipment on freight wagons hauling supplies and materials from Los Angeles. The rocks were smooth, gray, egg-shaped ballast dumped at the harbor and gathered up by the drivers to use as encouragement to the mules when they began to lag.

The "throwing rocks" can still be found along the aqueduct road and around the old camp sites. In addition to the rocks that stand out as too smooth and of strange material for the aqueduct area, relic hunters find metal buttons, suspender catches, massive metal teeth, parts of scrapers, harnesses, and caches of bottles from the camp dump.

The men who filled the construction camps moved on when the job was done. Los Angeles celebrated the advent of water, stressing the benefits derived for the greatest number of people. To the north, the people in Owens River country saw nothing to celebrate; their land was dying for want of water. Hard feelings towards Los Angeles has continued through the years. Owens Valley called it theft, water rights secretly obtained before the people realized what was happening.

But few in Los Angeles today remember or care about the controversy over the water they use so freely, and fewer still remember the men who made it all possible.

Dump wagon used on the aqueduct shows working parts that managed the dumping process. On display at Eastern California Museum, Independence, California.



Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 38)

Gideon Thompson, was one of the first white settlers in the Sabinal Canyon in the 1850s.

THE TRAINED CATFISH

By Andrew D. Phillips

NO ONE will dispute that books are perhaps the greatest thing mankind has ever produced, but not all books are good. Many people have gotten into serious trouble over them. I once had a book to cause me—well, not trouble but acute embarrassment—even though I never read it. I was only four or five years old at the time.

The book was about the *Titanic* disaster. It had many illustrations, both photographs and drawings of the great ocean liner, many of the passengers aboard, and the mighty iceberg that sent her to the bottom of the North Atlantic. I was fascinated by the book and would spend hours looking at the pictures and asking my mother to tell me about what happened.

Mother was a deeply religious woman who believed that statements about the ship's being "unsinkable" were blasphemous, a defiance of the Almighty, and that the disaster was sent to show man that nothing he could build was indestructible. My mother was very patient in answering my questions, always adding a moral lesson on human pride and frailties.

That summer my father had a business trip to make to Texas and decided that instead of going on the train he would take the family and drive through in our surrey.

THE TRIP took several days. At night Dad would leave the team and rig in a livery stable and we would stay in a hotel. One night we must have run into a convention or something, because the livery stable and the town's one hotel were full. We had enough camping gear that this wouldn't have been a problem if the weather hadn't been so threatening we feared to sleep out. Dad made arrangements for us to sleep in a blacksmith shop that night. It rained for hours and I remember distinctly hearing the noise of thunder and of rain beating on the tin roof.

After that it was a thoroughly enjoyable trip, at least for us children until we reached Red River. There was no bridge and we had to cross on a ferry. It was a big, flat-bottomed wooden boat with a pulley over a cable stretched across the river.

When Dad started to drive the team onto the boat, I got out of the surrey and said firmly that I was not going. I would wait there until they came back. They told me that would be days. Where would I sleep? I told them they could leave me a blanket. I would roll up in it at night.

But what would I eat? I told them that people were coming along all the time and someone would feed me. My mother was always saying, "The Lord will provide," and I was sure that included me.

They asked why I was so afraid, but I wouldn't tell them. Threats and cajolery did no good. Finally my father tried bribery, offering me a silver dollar when we were across. I wasn't interested. The offer was raised to two silver dollars which Dad clicked together enticingly, but to no avail. More threats and cajolery. I was near hysteria when the ferryman took over.

The ferryman may have been illiterate, but he had a keen understanding of child psychology. He began by telling me he understood my fears, but he had been operating that ferry for many years and had never lost a small boy yet. Exactly what was I afraid of?

Something about the man made me trust him. I told him I was afraid we would hit an iceberg—the boat would sink and we would all drown.

The ferryman didn't laugh at the idea of an iceberg in Red River, and in the summer at that. He didn't even smile. Instead, he nodded reassuringly and said he had thought of that and had trained a huge catfish to swim alongside the boat to rescue small boys in case the boat hit an iceberg.

I never doubted him. I had seen catfish that weighed close to a hundred pounds taken from streams near our home. I was sure they must be much larger in Red River.

"But would his teeth hurt while he was taking me to shore?" That was no problem, the ferryman said. He would tie a rope around my shoulders. The fish would hold it in his mouth and would hold me above the water until we got to the bank.

"But what about Mom and Dad, my baby brother, and two sisters?" I wanted to know.

He replied he was an expert swimmer and would take the baby to shore personally. Mom and Dad and the girls were big enough to hang onto the rope which he would make long enough.

I asked him one more question: "Could I see the catfish?"

The man said regretfully that this was impossible. The catfish was very shy. Besides, it had been trained never to show itself unless the ferry hit an iceberg.

I was still fearful, but convinced enough to take a chance if the others would hold onto the rope. I don't know what he told my parents, but they dutifully held onto the rope, and we were soon safely in Texas.

I'm not surprised that when it was time to go home mother bade my father a temporary goodbye and loaded us children on the train!

ARIZONA SCOUT

By Ralph A. Fisher Sr.

I USED to visit the late George Scott Thompson on the desert he loved so well a few miles east of Mesa, Arizona. He was born on December 1, 1865 in Bahia--DeLossantos (now known as Soa Salvador, Brazil).

Thompson came to Arizona in 1888, with the famed 10th Cavalry Regiment, as a scout against the Apaches. He was the operations guide between old Fort McDowell east of Phoenix, and Fort Apache, Fort San Carlos and Fort Yuma.

One very hot afternoon Adjutant Thad W. Jones summoned Thompson and issued secret papers for delivery to Fort Apache, warning that his mission was dangerous. Small raiding parties of Tonto Apaches had been spotted around Superstition Mountains, their stronghold, and along the trail that Thompson was to travel.

Old Steppin'-Fetchin' was issued for the ride, and Thompson told me that he considered this horse the greatest mount the cavalry ever had, full of respect for the desert cactus and snakes and Indians.

Dawn broke early and found the scout and his weary horse deep inside First Water Canyon with its tall golden bluffs. A small band of seven semi-nude, warpainted, well camouflaged braves were making loud whoopee around their morning campfire without having noticed Thompson or his grazing horse.

Thompson said, "The first bullet ricocheted off the rock and buried into a giant saguaro nearby because their ponies got to talking some horse nonsense with ole Steppin'-Fetchin' and the Indians located my hideaway.

"They could have shot my horse so I decided they thought they could scalp me and then steal him," smiled the old army scout.

"I drew first blood. In the three days they had me cornered I accounted for five of the seven, and the last two left the ridge leading the extra ponies of their dead.

"I shortly gathered my horse, spoke a few words to him, took a last look and rode the high mesa to later greet the young captain of our advancing troop. I reached their position less than two miles from where a planned ambush had awaited them. Had the Indians shot my horse I would have been afoot and would never had reached the troop in time to warn them of the pending trouble."

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ELECTRONIC REPRO[illegible]ED

Scout Thompson rode old Steppin'-Fetchin' until the army retired him to pasture, and when he died he was buried with full military honors near old Fort McDowell.

For many years George S. Thompson led the annual parade of the Pioneers Reunion in Phoenix, riding in the lead automobile with the governor, and was once heard to remark, "I would rather have been leading the parade mounted up on old Steppin'-Fetchin'—there was a real horse."

Scout Thompson also declared that he held a record. "I had thirty-five years service in the army—in Arizona, the Philippines and Cuba—and I never got drunk once. But old Steppin'-Fetchin' did, on loco-weed, feeding out on the desert one trip from Fort San Carlos. Brother, was he drunk!"

At the time of his death in Apache Junction, on September 9, 1960, George Scott Thompson reportedly was the oldest living wearer of the Purple Heart medal, belatedly awarded him in 1936 by President Roosevelt for wounds received in the Philippines in 1900.

Above: George Scott Thompson wearing his Purple Heart medal for the annual Pioneer Day parade in Phoenix. Below: Indian Scouts of the 10th Cavalry Regiment rest their mounts in the wilderness of the famed Superstition Mountains during operations between Fort McDowell and Fort Yuma.

SALVATION ARMY WORKINGMAN'S HOTEL

THE SALVATION ARMY has traditionally concerned itself with the downtrodden, the penniless, the alcoholic—the man who was down and almost out. Some charitable agencies have felt uncomfortable dealing with him; or he felt uncomfortable dealing with them. But not the Salvation Army.

In December 1908, the Omaha *World-Herald* sent one of its reporters disguised as a hobo, to get the story of Omaha, Nebraska's Down-and-Out.

"It is alarmingly easy to pass yourself as a member of the down-and-out club," wrote the reporter, "to simulate it so well that lifetime members . . . give your hand the grip of fellowship. A three weeks' staying away from the barber's chair had supplied [me] one of the badges of the craft, for a scratch beard will cause the world to put you down in the column of the questionables."

He headed for the Salvation Army's Workingman's Hotel, a haven for the unemployed who were honestly looking for jobs. One "veteran" of the routine warned him that "Omaha is not easy from a panhandler's point of view. The police are too prone to pick them up." Labor, if only occasional, seemed preferable. Some of the men lolling around the hotel contemplating asking for a night's lodging did not seem too eager to work, but one accepted a job grubbing stumps at $1.25 a day.

Beds were available at 15¢ per night to guests looking for work, the reporter learned. Admittance was contingent on taking a bath at 8 p.m. and turning in by 10. Prospective bathers were taken to the cellar where showers were provided. Clothing was fumigated with sulphur during the process—"so thoroughly no crumbs or other fauna could escape." The attendant repeatedly urged the bather toward the full force of the spray, which to those unaccustomed to water was too much at one time. "Probably a long time since you've had a good scrub and probably you won't take another soon," the attendant said. "A little more soap on your neck, there. It's mighty dirty."

All the dirt had come off before towels

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OLD WEST 17, 18, 27.

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were issued. Even so, towels were soused in a bucket of hot water and had to answer also for a wash rag. "It required skill and training to dry with a wet towel," the reporter recalled, "and the night shirt handed me went over some wet epidermis." Shoes, the most important part of the hobo's wardrobe, went under his pillow while his clothes were hung on a nail near the hobo's cot.

One guest pointed out that "a fellow ought to blow into this place every two weeks and get cleaned up." Another agreed but said it really "didn't make much difference in the winter time" whether a man was clean or not. One lodger insisted he "wasn't a bum. As long as you've got money to pay you ain't one."

SIGNS on the walls gave the basic rules: "Disputing not permitted. . . . No loud talking after 10 p.m. . . . Guest leaving must take their baggage or it will be sold in 30 days. . . . Salvation Army will not be responsible for any property lost or stolen."

When the reporter left in the morning, he took the advice of a veteran hobo and let the wind blow the sulphur from his clothes. "The last time I was here," the hobo said, "I went right to the saloon and stood by a stove. Pretty soon everybody was coughing and sneezing and the bouncer threw me out."

After changing into good clothes, the newly shaved reporter went back to talk to Mrs. Dodd, the hotel proprietor. He found that no man who indicated he wanted work was refused a room; those without 15¢ could be lodged on order from the Salvation Army commander; on stormy nights the rules were often waived. Mr. Dodd handled the shower room and hotel maintenance and helped arrange jobs for the men. The hotel provided no meal service, but Mrs. Dodd was careful to see that her guests found places to eat, especially on holidays. She occasionally lent them small sums of money but had always been repaid, she said.

Some rooms in the hotel were occupied by permanent guests, one a youngster who had found full-time employment in a brick plant. Such guests had to go through the fumigating process only once but were required to take a weekly bath.

The reporter found out from Mrs. Dodd why he wasn't offered a job. His disguise was insufficient to cover up his status. The Dodds had sized him up "as a man who was [not] very keen about getting a job," and since the newsman left promptly in the morning, they assumed their estimate had been correct. During good weather, "March to Thanksgiving," job demand had exceeded the supply, Dodd said.

The reporter also came away with respect for the Salvation Army operation: "From personal experience it is apparent that for the man who has been thrust across the borderland of Down-and-Outland, the Workingmen's Hotel affords an opportunity for regaining a hold on oneself, on life, and on the bread problem."—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln*

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

Pulaski, the little fellow, may have had their picture taken while traveling in Iowa with the circus.

I am the only survivor of the original Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania String Band, eighty-five years of age on March 7, 1976.—Walter S. Williams, Rt.8-145A, Pine Island, Ft. Myers, Florida 33901

More on the Photo Identification

In your January-February, 1976 issue of TRUE WEST you have "Do You Know These Folks?" photos on pages 54 and 55. Do you have the original photos from which numbers 1, 2 and 4 were made? We are getting together a history of Little Sioux, Iowa and these photos could be helpful. Two of Dr. Caldwell's children live here and we knew Dr. Furguson who spent most of his professional life in Lincoln, Nebraska. I shall appreciate any information concerning the photos.—Harriet L. Perley, Little Sioux, Iowa 51545

Photos 1, 2 and 4 have been mailed to their new home in Iowa.

"Money Pit" Treasure Theory

I have been reading every one of your mags that I could get hold of since 1957. I am very much interested in lost mines and treasure stories, but I never get out of my rocking chair to go looking. This letter concerns the "Fantastic Money Pit" in the February 1976 issue. I have read about this in many other mags and books but yours is the best one yet.

Now I would like to make a bet (a small one) of $10.00 that when they finally get it out they will find many records of the civilization that was here on the American Continent before and during the life of the American Indian. It will probably be written in ancient Hebrew, Egyptian or Adamic language. I think that at the final showdown between the Indians and the whites, the whites hid their records away where they would be safe. I have spent some time in the Middle East and Africa and watched the natives dig wells. They would place a platform across half of the shaft at five-foot levels, then shovel muck onto that platform then on out over the collar of the shaft. When they had sunk their shaft on down another five feet, a platform would be installed across the opposite side of the shaft. Then the muck could be transferred from one platform on to the other until it reached the top. The reason the platforms were only encountered at ten-foot levels could be accounted for because they removed the platforms from one side in order to make it easier to fill the shaft at the time of sealing it off.

Now cement, as we know it today, was not invented until about 1830, but there is evidence in the Central American ruins of a limited amount of cemented material used in some of their structures.

I have never seen the "Money Pit" and I am making all my guesses on the basis of what I have seen and read of various parts of the world. I hope you will keep this on file at least until the money pit has been laid to rest. Thanks for a great publication.—Golden E. Sorenson, 6720 Calista Street, Orangevale, California 95662

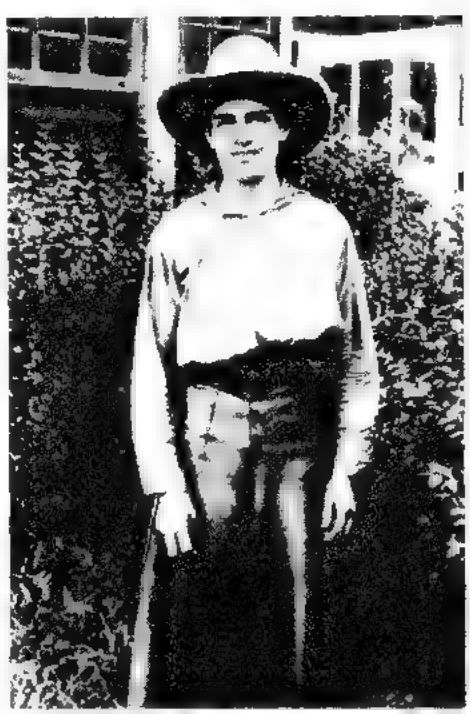
"Billy the Wind"

W. J. Young who carried the famed sobriquet of "Billy the Wind" is still with us. The better part of sixty years has passed since old Billy, crowding his high wheel Pope-Hartford into a two-wheeled turn on the Bodie's Main Street, electrified the plank sidewalk lollers and scattered the town's street dogs yipping and gasping through a curtain of dust—happy that they were still alive.

"Billy the Wind," now tooling through his 87th year, has sent us a letter, via his wife's hand, saying, "We enjoyed your story, 'Archangel of the Mining Camps of Bodie', . . . also the whole issue of *True West*, December '75 issue." His kind invitation to visit him in Bishop, California has been placed on our eastern Sierra agenda for this summer. Thanks for forwarding Billy's letter.—Warren Loose, 385 Via Casitas, Greenbae, California 94904

In the December '75 issue we featured "A Horse Beneath Me . . . Sometimes," reminiscences by one of rodeo's great ladies, Fannie Sperry Steele. Up until the moment we went to press we were searching frantically for a full-face photograph of Fannie as a young woman. There were many shots of her on horseback in the midst of a ride, but we finally had to conclude that during her rodeo days Fannie Steele just didn't stay still long enough to pose for a cameraman.

Two months later we located one—here it is—and copies have been sent to Mrs. Steele, Helen Clark, and the Cowboy Hall of Fame. We felt that some of you readers who keep a file of the magazines would enjoy seeing it too. Isn't she pretty?



Mrs. Charles A. Colyn

I was very interested in the article, "Those Marryin' Earp Men" by Glenn G. Boyer. I have his book, *Suppressed Murder of Wyatt Earp*, which has made me want to read more about the Earps.

Some twelve years ago I was researching the Jelly family and was contacted by Mrs. Charles A. Colyn. It turned out that we were second, third or fourth cousins—I don't think we actually ever figured out the correct relationship. It was determined that we had the same ancestor from six or seven generations back.

We kept up our correspondence for some years, but about five years ago it became farther and farther apart. Her husband had not been in good health and I thought that might be the reason. About this same time she sent me about a dozen books, both for my personal library and the Tulsa City-County Library's genealogical room. For the past three or four years I have heard nothing from her, although I did drop her a note every so often and a Christmas card every year. I heard nothing, but only thought her husband was probably still in very ill health.

So you can imagine my surprise when Mr. Boyer mentioned in his article that he received a six-shooter from the estate of the late Mrs. Charles A. Colyn. I had never met her personally, but others said she was a very gracious and warm person and always willing to help other people in any way that she could. Her correspondence to me revealed that also. I would like to have known her personally. —Mrs. Harold W. Mullenax, P. O. Box 52563, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74152

Memories of Mexico

I read the Frederic Remington article in the October 1975 issue of TRUE WEST. Remington traveled in the Southwest and into Mexico where he visited the old Hacienda San José de Bavicora in Chihuahua. I visited that place about forty years ago on my way back from a sort of mining visit to Ocampo southwest of the city of Chihuahua. I had to ride horseback from Ocampo to get the train at Temósachic. As I needed to get rid of my horse and saddle when I reached the railroad town I had a job on my hands, since just as I came over the mountain with my packer and his pack horse I heard a whistle of a train! When we got down to the town I found that I would have to wait a week for the next train.

I asked where I might be able to dispose of said horse and saddle that I had bought in Ocampo. I found out that I, as a Gringo, could not sell my outfit, but that I might go out to the Tres Lunos, the Hearst Ranch, to arrange some sort of a deal since the outfit was owned by the California Hearsts. I went over there all right, but the Gringo jefe told me that the ranch had plenty of horses and saddles of their own. To make matters easier for all I figured I'd just let them have my *caballo* and the saddle since I couldn't take them along. I was a VIP, I reckon, for I was put up at their guest house with its fancy things. They had a cook and waiter to take care of my meals for the night. The next day I rode back with one of the ranch vaqueros to the railroad town.

That Bavicora ranch Remington visited was that same one where I visited. The ranch had many square miles of area and the best Hereford cattle I believe I've ever seen.—Robert C. Meek, Apt. 217, Armory Park Apts., 220 E. 12th Street, Tucson, Arizona 85701

Georgetown's Hotel De Paris

(Continued from page 31)

at the age of twenty, ran away to Paris and worked in a restaurant. After an inheritance of about $50,000 was blown on high living, he enlisted in the army, deserted, then worked his passage on a sailing ship to New York.

Louis' English was good and he began selling magazine articles—unfortunately, partly plagiarized. He slipped away from this trouble by enlisting in the U. S. Army, landed in Cheyenne, decided army life was not for him, and again deserted. By this time a new name seemed wise and he became Louis DuPuy.

After a stint with Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, he concluded that mining was the quickest road to wealth and, in due course, arrived with his burro in the little town at the head of a beautiful valley, flanked on three sides by high mountains. At the time of his death, the editor of the Georgetown *Courier* described him as "an eccentric, a philosopher and a student, who brought refinement to the slopes of Colorado."

When Sophie died the property was sold to a neighboring innkeeper who operated it intermittently, making only a few changes. And when she, too, died, her daughter Mrs. Hazel Adams resolved to preserve the building and its treasures.

Since 1964, when the hotel was purchased by the National Society of Colonial Dames of Colorado, it has been admired by thousands of visitors from all parts of the country and the world, among them many interested Frenchmen. Help in preservation and needed repairs has come from admission charges, private gifts, the Boettcher Foundation, and grants from the National Park Service.

EVEN THOUGH the hotel alone would make the drive of little more than fifty miles from Denver worth the trip, there are other things to see in Georgetown. The resident population is about 700 with quaint houses, old trees, wrought-iron and white picket fences, and lots of flowers. Two mountain streams tumble through its heart. In 1966 the National Parks Service placed the entire town on the National Register of Historic Places, as part of the Georgetown-Silver Plume Historic District, because "this site possesses exceptional value in commemorating or illustrating the history of the United States."

Unlike many old mining towns, there are no junky souvenirs, no Wild West hoopla. Many artists, craftsmen, and writers have been attracted to Georgetown and the shops are a joy at all times of the year. Just outside the compact historic area are excellent motels and res-

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taurants much patronized during the long winter ski season.

One unique feature is the outdoor Christmas Mart, usually held the second and third weekends of December. Here, in permanent booths in a central square, local organizations offer their wares. Dogsled races and sleigh rides add to the festivities, with the cheery smell of hot cider and popcorn being enjoyed by visitors around a big bonfire—a welcome feature as it can be very cold.

Another museum of interest is the Hamill House, restored by the Georgetown Historical Society to show the lifestyle of an enterprising mining tycoon who served in the first Colorado Legislature in 1876. Another frame house was acquired in 1974 and is being restored as an excellent example of Victorian Italianate architecture. Behind it is one of the oldest trapper's cabins of the valley. There is a shaded park where picnickers may lunch; a century-old courthouse with a jury room where twelve good men may weigh the fate of others as they relax in stencilled rocking chairs; the first Episcopal Church in Colorado; and the Maxwell House, not open to visitors but worth seeing from the road. With its pink trimmed exterior it has been called one of the ten best examples of Victorian architecture in the country. [The Maxwell House is shown on the cover of this issue.]

Here was the site of the famous Georgetown Loop, a narrow-gauge that twisted its way up 600 feet in one and a half miles to the mines near Silver Plume. After mining dwindled, the trip was a tourist attraction for a time but the rails were finally removed. Today the Colorado Historical Society is working to reconstruct the daring Loop, and already some rails have been laid out.

Last resting place for DuPuy and his friend.

While cars and trucks thunder up the steep road past Silver Plume to the splendors of Loveland Pass, or the less demanding route through the Eisenhower Tunnel, Georgetown drowses in a delightful atmosphere of well kept little homes, flower-filled yards, fine craftstores, distinctive restaurants and a tranquility that is far removed from the hectic days of the mining boom. Nevertheless, the old days do not seem far away when one enjoys coffee and petit fours in the courtyard of Hotel De Paris and thinks of Louis' words: "I love these mountains and I love America, but you will pardon me if I bring into this community a remembrance of my youth and country. . . . This house will be my tomb, and if, in after years, someone comes and calls for Louis DuPuy, show them this little souvenir of Alencon which I built in America, and they will understand."

When the Buck Gang Rode

(Continued from page 27)

knoll," Rufus Buck replied, "where have our goods."

"I know," Bruner stated. "I'll be there."

Ignoring the two boys, the ruffians left the store and mounted their horses. Lewis Davis slung the tied boots that were full of ammunition across the front of his saddle, and they all rode away.

That night when Newt Belford returned home J. I. related this valuable information. "Come Tuesday sunup," Deputy Marshal Sam Haynes led the big posse to "the knoll," only a few miles from Newt's store. Deputy Marshal Frank Jones joined them.

Cut off from their tethered horses, the startled outlaws snatched up their rifles and fled to the top of the knoll. The posse quickly surrounded its base but the gang had the advantage position. A hot gun battle commenced. Marshal Haynes dispatched a fast rider to notify Marshal Morton Rutherford in Muskogee. The battle continued for hours, until Skansey who, like the others was pinned down by the men on top of the knoll, decided to speed things up.

"I've had enough of this!" Skansey shouted.

THE Indian policeman inserted a dynamite shell in his rifle and rose to his feet. From that position he could see the outlaws and he aimed and fired. The heavy charge struck a rock where Rufus Buck, mostly concealed, was stationed. A fragment of metal cut Buck's belt and it fell to the ground.

When the startled outlaw rose to his feet he had to grab his pants to hold them up. He was rattled, and he ran in the opposite direction, down that side of the slope, and right into the arms of some possemen.

Newt Belford rose to his knees for a better look and saw Lewis Davis slip behind a tree. Belford took aim at the tree with his .40-82 rifle. Big pieces of bark flew from the tree, one of which struck Davis in his face. Bleeding from the wound, Davis scrambled down the knoll and managed to escape. The confusion was too much for the remainder of the gang and when Deputy Marshal Bud Ledbetter and Deputy Marshal Paden Tolbert rode into view, they threw down their rifles and waved their arms in surrender.

Newt Belford and Haynes relinquished leadership of the posse to Ledbetter and Tolbert who took the gang members to Okmulgee and jailed them. There, however, irate Creek citizens were bent on lynching the gang whom everyone had come to despise.

Ledbetter stood in front of the gang members, who were hobbled with leg-irons, and issued an ultimatum:

"Here are some tow sacks. Wrap those chains so they won't make a racket and we'll slip you out of town and get you to Fort Smith. Or you can balk, and hang right here."

The outlaws cooperated eagerly, and away from town the officers obtained a wagon for transportation. Marshal Rutherford met the wagon at Snake Creek and took the outlaws to Muskogee. Once more the populace demanded custody of the prisoners for lynching purposes but Marshal Rutherford handled the situation by reminding them, "Judge Parker will dispense justice." Few doubted that this was true.

Traveling by train the officers and their prisoners, including Lewis Davis who had been captured, arrived safely in Fort Smith. Although long accustomed to such matters, some 700 Fort Smithians, it was said, were on hand to see the Buck Gang marched from the depot to the big Federal jail. Someone began ringing a church bell during the march and in short order all the other church bells in town began "tolling a requiem for the victims of the savage Buck Gang." The only other sounds were the clanking of the chains on the legs of the outlaws, and the final clang of the heavy jail doors.

The five members of this infamous group appeared before Judge Parker on September 20, 1895. Poor Rosetta Hassen had to testify, and Judge Parker became "livid with rage" as details of the Hassen family's ordeal were revealed. There was no cross-examination by the defense attorney. He simply stated: "May it please the Court, and you, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence. I have nothing to say."

A verdict of guilty was quickly rendered, and the Buck Gang was then tried for the murder of officer John Garrett, with the same fast verdict. Judge Parker sentenced the outlaws to be hanged October 13. A stay of execution was obtained; however, the defense had nothing new to offer and the case was not presented to the Supreme Court. Another try by the defense resulted in the Supreme Court's refusal to interfere.

Judge Parker re-set the execution date for July 1, 1896. On that day Rufus Buck, Lewis Davis, Lucky Davis, Maomi July, and Sam Sampson were placed on the platform of the Fort Smith gallows and hanged simultaneously.

"Life in the Territory was not always tranquil," J. I. Belford observes today. What an understatement! I'd guess J. I.'s "childhood" came to an end at age ten.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Wilmot-Willmot-Ames-Harrum
Foster-Proctor

Asil C. Wilmot had six children: A. C., George H., Julie A., Alonzo N., Chauncy C., and Mary Jane. We have Chauncy listed at Pueblo, Colorado. We have a letter from Ida Fry, granddaughter of Chauncy, from Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo County, California dated October 1, 1923. Mary Jane is my grandmother and I am trying to trace the Wilmots.

John P. Foster left Iowa in 1867 or '68. He went to Missouri where one child was born, then to Kansas where another child was born. He then went to the Osage Nation where he worked for the Indian Agency, then to Texas where he began paying taxes in Runnels County in 1878. Where was he in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and in San Saba, Lampasas and Coryell Counties in Texas?

Dora A. Foster married James R. Ames around 1879. We have a note that she "was also known as Harrum." She, her husband, son and daughter supposedly perished in a cyclone in Oklahoma. Did she, and if so, where? Where and when were they buried?

Abby Lucas or Foster married W. W. Proctor. At one time they lived in Seymour, Webster County, Missouri. This is believed to have been around the early 1890s.

Does anyone know about these people? I have considerable information to trade. —Hoyt M. Foster, Vanderpool Route, Utopia, Texas 78884

Parker-Johnson-Hardin

My grandmother, Clementine Parker, married James Johnson in Baltimore, Maryland, possibly in 1872-73. They had four sons: William Thomas, James, Joseph E., Michael (Mike), and Jesse, who died in infancy. My grandfather was thrown from a horse and died. My grandmother went to Fort Smith, Arkansas to live with her brother, Judge Isaac Parker. Sometime later she married again, a man named Hardin. I do not know his first name. There may have been children from this marriage.

My dad and his two brothers ran away and came to Texas. They worked around the railroads in Denton County. One brother, W. T. Johnson, married a Denton girl named Lucy, last name unknown. They lived later in San Antonio. W. T. Johnson became Col. W. T. Johnson and had the World Championship Rodeo at one time. They had three children: Joseph, Thomas, Jr., and a daughter. My dad mentioned a sister who had a girl's school at Kerrville named Camp Waldemar. My dad worked there one summer in 1929. James Johnson was last heard from in Kaufman County. I would appreciate any knowledge of anyone related to any of the people mentioned.—Mrs. Joe Hendricks, 555 W. Main Street, Lancaster, Texas 75146

Bond-Hunter-Holland-Cox-Hollingsworth

Mattie Bond was married to T. I. Bond. Mattie's mother was a Hollingsworth. Some of the family's first names were Bessie, Posy, Mary and Mattie. They were kin to Ida Hunter and Rachel Hunter Holland who were born in Clinton, South Caroline. George Belt Holland, Sr. married Sallie Mason and both lived and died in Clinton, South Carolina. Some of the Bond family lived close to Kress, Texas.

I would also like to hear from the family of Vaulterine Cox who lived around Nolanville, Texas as a young girl. Cousins were Buck Swope and W. C. (Dubb) Scarbrough. My grandmother was a Cox, born in the late 1860s. She married Samuel H. Wood. I think her brothers were Paul, Clarence and sisters Rosie and Lottie. There were John, Saul and Martha Cox but I don't know what their relationship to her was. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. G. M. Holland, Route 1, Box 146, Galveston, Texas 77550

Northington

I am interested in securing all possible information on my grandfather, Marshall George Northington. He was called Mott. His father was Alexander J. Northington who served in the Texas State Legislature.—Mrs. Frank McMullen, 3003 Oakhurst, Austin, Texas 78703

Ward-Sawyer

I would like to locate someone around Mountainair, New Mexico who might have known "Heavy" Ward who homesteaded in that area during the thirties. Another man by the name of Fred Sawyer was with him and also homesteaded there I believe. I'd appreciate very much hearing anything of them.—Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

Hooker-Mabee-Mabie

The Lincoln Nebraska telephone directory listed Arthur and Zellah Mabee living in Lincoln from 1917 to 1923. We are primarily interested in locating Zellah and any children born to her. Zellah's maiden name was Hooker. She was born in New York State in 1905. The date and place of her marriage is unknown, but Arthur was also born in New York about 1890. Information concerning them is urgently desired.—Russell F. Mabie, 408 East St. Francis Street, Rapid City, South Dakota 57701

Missouri-Illinois Families

I am anxious to locate any of these folks. Natel Humpery family, Edward Arnold Family, Sgt. Albert Travis, all of St. Louis, Missouri; Roselee Laurence and the Clardie Smith family of Fredericktown, Missouri; Dorothy Miles of Goodland and Walter Wakefield of Frederick, Missouri; and Harry P. Quinlan of Chicago, Illinois; and the Blaylock and Russell families, both relations.—Evelyn Russell Cuno, 1107 N. Franklin, Centralia, Illinois 62801

Calbough-Rockholt

My grandparents were Elizabeth Calbough and Joseph Henry Rockholt. I'd like any information about their families prior to 1900. They were from in and around Meggs County, Tennessee. Any help will be appreciated—Maria Rockholt Hynes, Box 73, Quanah, Texas 79252

Thompson

No one knows what became of these members of the Thompson family: William Jasper, born October 27, 1847; Melissa Jane, born October 16, 1849; Hugh Daniel, born October 26, 1851; Martha Caroline, born April 29, 1856; Sarah Phoebe, born July 22, 1858; John Mercer, born August 10, 1860; George B., born August 15, 1862; Joseph Alexander, born November 19, 1864; Edwin M., born November 3, 1866; and Francis Marion, born August 9, 1869.

My great-grandfather, James Franklin Thompson, born February 3, 1854 came to White Bird, Idaho. He married Rachel Elizabeth Olney who is buried there. He was buried in northern Washington.

Joseph Alexander also came to White Bird and married Elizabeth Ann Anspaugh. Both are buried at White Bird.

If any of these people were your parents, grandparents or great-grandparents, or if you have any information, please write to me.—Wilma J. Thompson, Star Route, Payette, Idaho 83661

J. W. "Worth" Champion

I'd appreciate any information available on J. W. "Worth" Champion. He was a blacksmith and served as commissioner in the Dripping Springs, Texas area.—Mrs. H. B. Morgan, 6301 Manchaca, Austin, Texas 78745

Bonney-Franklin-Godwin-Atteberry

George Shadrick (Shadwick) Bonney was born in a wagon while on the trail to Oregon from the East, about 1880. He married Mary Caroline Franklin. Their first child was born November 2, 1902. His grandmother's people were attacked by Indians on Lake Erie when she was two. She was the only survivor. A family named Elkins took her in and raised her.

William T. Godwin (or Goodwin or

(Continued on page 64)

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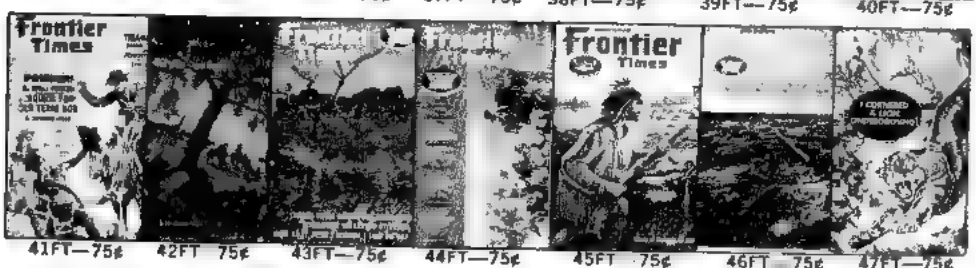
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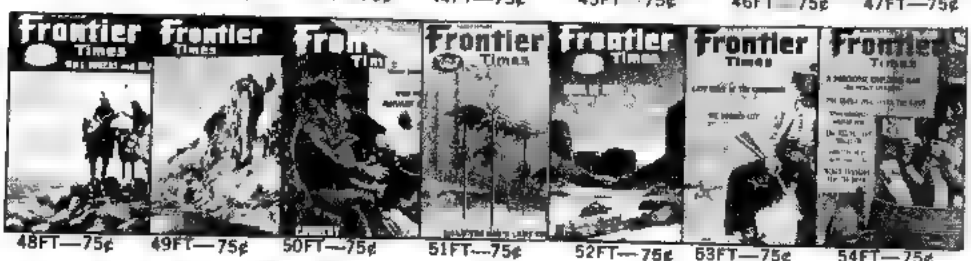
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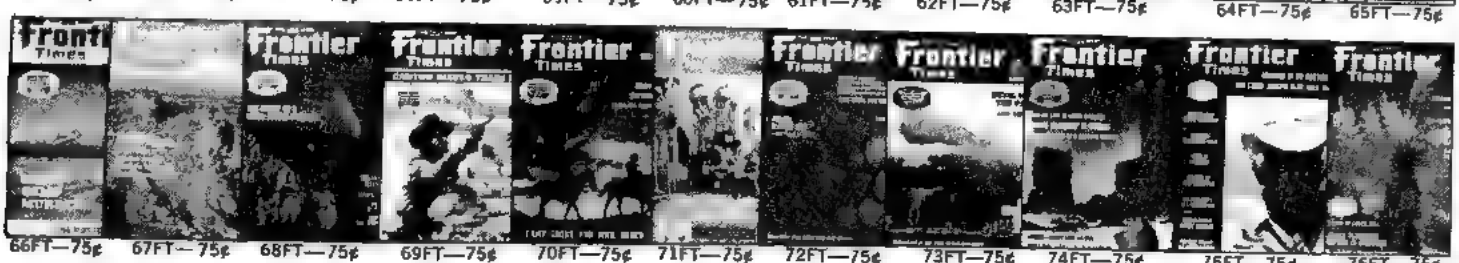
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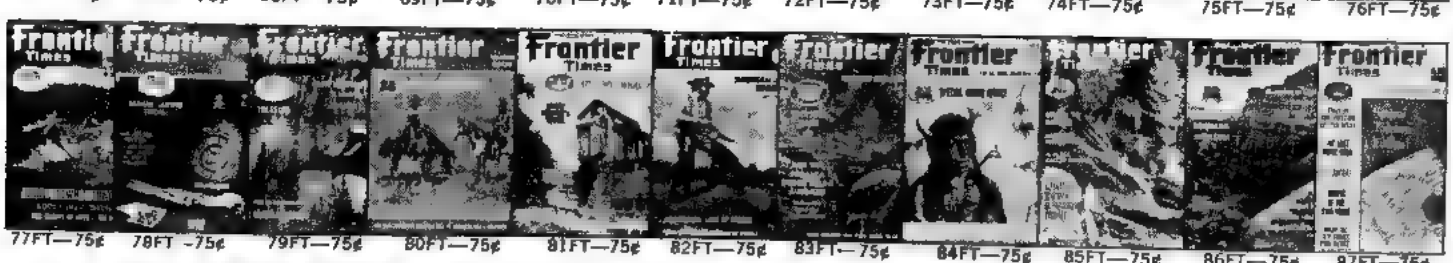
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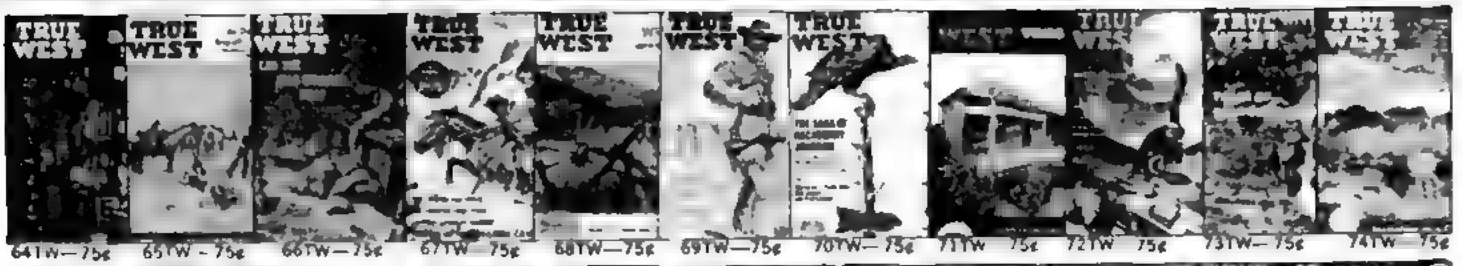
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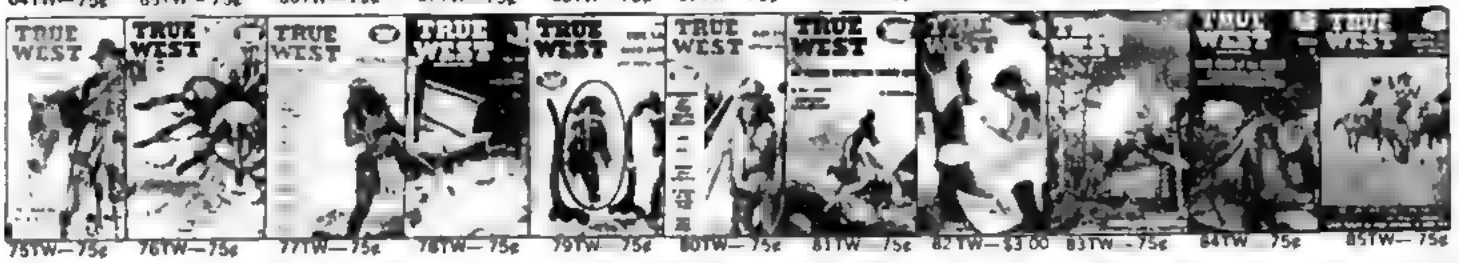
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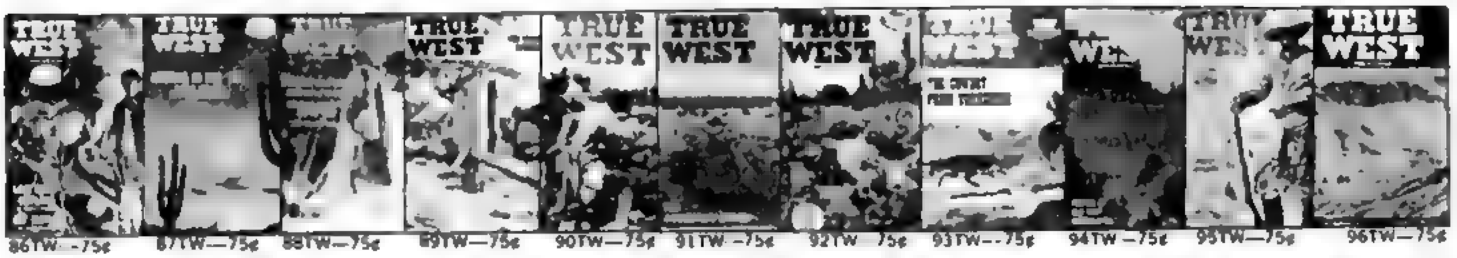
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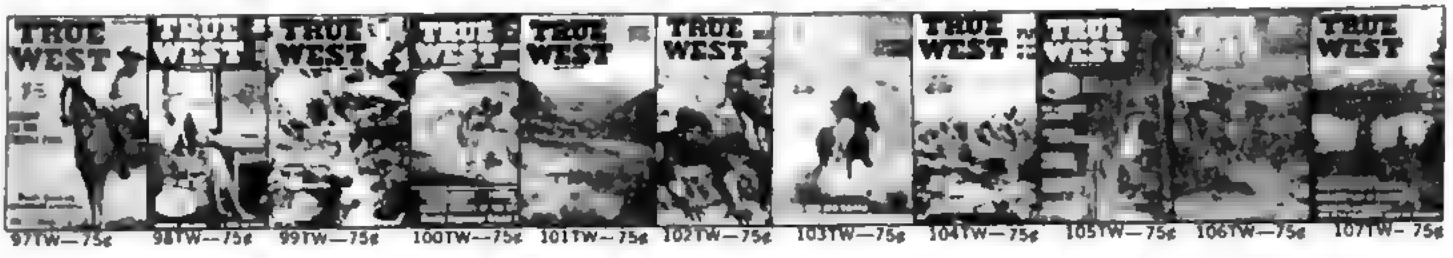
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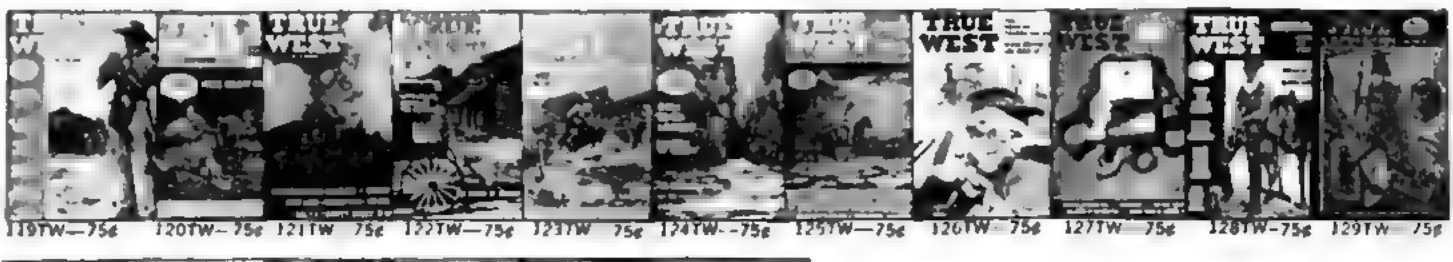
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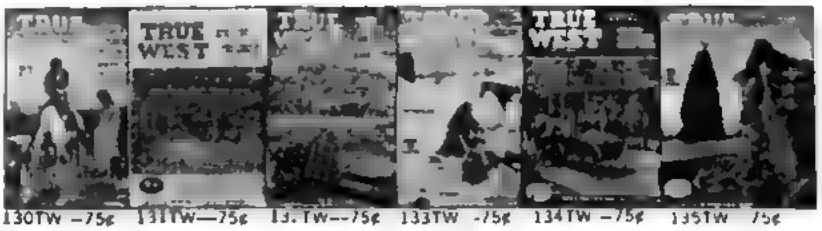
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Old West issues on next page →

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Those Old Express Companies

(Continued from page 19)

for flags. Other customers would just hang cards in the front windows. When a driver spotted one of these call cards he would stop and pick up the shipment.

We were all required to carry six-guns in holsters much like the Old West gunslingers. I don't know where they resurrected some of those old relics. I have always been grateful for the fact I was never called upon to fire the one I carried. It was all rusted on the inside of the barrel at the time I inherited it and perhaps had not been cleaned or oiled since the days of Wild Bill Hickok. We carried them, of course, to discourage holdups, but it was a good thing the business end was well concealed in the holster. It was for this same reason—holdups—that I had to sleep in the warehouse.

I sometimes wonder what some of our present-day truck drivers would say if they had to work under some of the conditions we did. We had no lift gates to do the loading for us nor were any of the warehouses equipped with overhead tracks to carry the loads.

SOUTHWEST Salina was my section of the city for residential pickup and delivery. One "problem package" I recall having in that area was a wooden crate containing two young alligators. They had been purchased in Florida by a Salina businessman on vacation and they arrived on the late afternoon Missouri Pacific. The other drivers needled me good when they were unloaded from the baggage car, and I admit I was somewhat uneasy as to which hand I wished to risk. While we were discussing the matter the man who owned the critters came along and helped us load the crate on my wagon and informed me he would be home when I arrived there to help me unload.

In the business district I had the east side of Santa Fe Avenue north to the railroad tracks, which included Lee Mercantile and Lee Hardware. The H. D. Lee Mercantile Company was widely known in those days.

One of the clumsy and heavy articles we often had to cope with was the old hogshead of fresh fish packed in cracked ice. The barrel itself was large and awkward to handle. There was hardly any way to get a hold on it and the ice made it all the heavier, besides being wet and soggy. These shipments always came from the East and, being perishable, had to be delivered immediately. Of course, the fish market just happened to be in my section of the business district and they never sent anyone along to help me unload the stuff. The tail of those wagons were quite high and the only way I could think of to unload was to work the barrel off the tailgate and do my darndest to ease it to the pavement without breaking it open.

Anyone who worked for an Express Company during those years will recall the fifteen-gallon cream can. I shall not forget, because three of them were the cause of a mishap I had one afternoon

The author at 78.

on the platform of the Salina Union Depot. On that day the division superintendent was making a visit to our office and he and the local agent, along with the rest of our force, were on hand to observe our working of the westbound Missouri Pacific passenger train. It was the biggest and most important train we served.

I was anxious to "make points" with the brass and the same was true of the rest of the force. As the train was approaching I took off with a four-wheel baggage truck and spotted it at the express car door as the train came to a stop. I was so anxious to make a showing that I overlooked the necessity of heading it toward the freight room. This was to protect against the possibility of the truck tipping at the front in turning. Another mistake was when I loaded a bunch of loaded cream cans on the front end. Had this truck been of a later design it would have had an anti-tip fifth wheel to keep it from upsetting.

Just as the train was starting to pull away from the station I started to turn the truck around and that's when it happened. The front end of the load tilted and dumped three cans of cream under the moving train. Fortunately the engineer saw the mishap and set the brakes, but not before the wheels had crushed the cans and cream spurted in all directions. Some it hit the division superintendant and messed up his good suit. The agent caught a little of it too. The chief clerk immediately seized this opportunity to make points by starting to give me a good chewing out. To my surprise the superintendent and the agent jumped in and told the chief clerk to lay off. They informed him that this was not the time for anything like that and they would handle the matter in their own way.

They certainly did discuss the matter later on that night in the downtown office. They agreed it had been a good lesson for me and decided to put the damages on the company. I was given some pointers on the safest way of handling that kind of a truck.

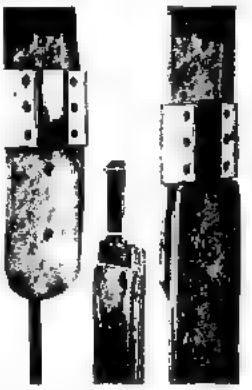
This left me with a good feeling toward the Wells Fargo outfit. I found the superintendant, Mr. Elwood Peters, and the agent, Mr. Holtschue, to be the finest men I have ever worked under.

Some other shipping containers of that era that were clumsy to handle were the laundry baskets, and the same type basket was used in the shipment of bakery bread. These baskets were constructed of steel frame and heavy canvas and were approximately 28" wide, 36" long, and 30" high. They were not only awkward to handle because of their size and shape but they also carried some weight.

Ice cream was shipped in a ten-gallon metal container surrounded by cracked ice in a wooden tub. Nothing was harder

Wells Fargo wagon once in service in Santa Rosa, California. This is the same type which was driven by the author.

Photo Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco



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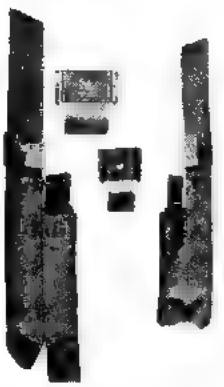

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to lift, because it was just plain dead weight.

We also used to get shipments of chickens in coops built for shipping. These coops were constructed of wood frame and chicken wire. They were approximately 30" x 40" x 12" and were clumsy to handle because of their bulk.

Flowers shipments had top priority because they were so perishable.

METHODS of merchandising and transportation have undergone tremendous change. Seafoods are delivered frozen; bread is taken directly to the retailer by the baker's own trucks. Large dairies have all but put the small ones out of business with all the sophisticated processing and their fleets covering the field of trade. Thus the cream cans, once so well known to freight handlers, have been relegated to their place among collector's items. Ice cream is now packaged for the convenience of the consumer and delivered frozen to the retailer's dairy case. Chances are there are few if any of the old ice cream shipping tubs around. Live poultry is transported in special trucks and telegraphic flower delivery has clobbered the shipment of cut posies.

During my service in World War I the consolidation of all the Express Companies took place and even though I was carried on the Wells Fargo seniority list, the new setup did not appeal to me so I found a means of livelihood in another field. I'm sure if a man's back could talk, mine would have said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

The Hollywood Posse

(Continued from page 10)

kind of conspiracy was afoot among the army men. The San Francisco contingent had been used in a few flashy scenes and De Mille had gone out of his way to butter them up about their performance. Already grown self-important over this, their first crack at immortalizing their horsemanship on film, De Mille's extravagant praise had gone completely to their heads.

"Hell, I hadn't been on the set five minutes," Jack Padjan said later, "before I heard the Old Man telling all the newspaper and magazine people what fine and fearless riders the artillerymen were, and how his experience with cowboys proved *they* tended to be timid in the

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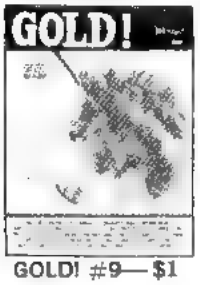

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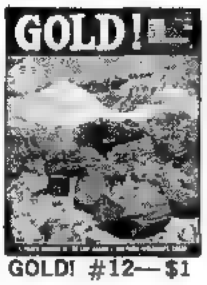

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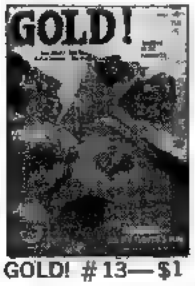

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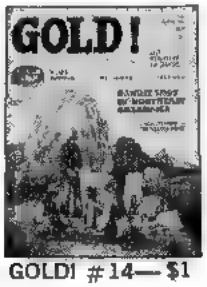

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saddle." Jack Montgomery's Blackfoot and Irish blood came to a boil, but Hank Bell laughed it off. Then, during a lunch break, an artilleryman strolled by and one of the Israelite extras pointed him out to Hank.

"Have you heard what those army boys plan to do to you cowboys when the big scene comes?"

"Cain't say I have," Hank replied.

"Well, the artillerymen from San Francisco figure they're just going to ride you down when DeMille shoots the big battle scenes."

DURING their years in Hollywood the cowboys had learned to treat picture riding exactly as they had range work. It was an honest job, a job to be done fairly and well. "The idea that this bunch of gunsils on their dammed flat saddles was so set on makin' a big show of themselves for posterity they was willin' to bust up good men and horses just didn't set with us," Jack said. But what neither Jack nor Hank knew at the time was something that De Mille would admit only years later in his autobiography.

He not only identified with the military contingent but, like them, he held the cowboys in what he called "supreme contempt." When he got wind of rumors that the artillerymen hated the cowboys and planned to show their superiority by running them down in the course of the scene, he secretly rejoiced. Rarely was he able to wring genuine or even believable emotions out of his extra people, although he never ceased trying. Here, however, was a ready-made animosity he could exploit on screen to achieve convincing results beyond even his own wildest dreams. Casting the artillerymen as the Egyptians and the cowboys as Israelites, he could set up the two camps to fight out a petty feud, hoping the hatred would shine through realistically.

Before the big battle scene, however, the artillerymen had to stage a solo charge of their own. Days had been consumed in careful preparations for this spectacular scene. When De Mille took up the megaphone he exhorted them "to charge like hell!" The orchestra, on its wooden platform, struck up a stirring martial air and the artillerymen were ready for their first big moment in the sun.

"They was ridin' like they didn't give a damn for horses or men," Jack said. "But even so, nobody could blame the army men for what happened next. The lead chariot, driven by Pharaoh's double, simply crumpled up like a lunch-box on wheels. Then the whole charge just seemed to telescope into a massive pile-up of horses, chariots and riders."

Hank chuckled as he recalled the funny side. "And all the time them duded-up musicians in their tuxedos and flowin' gowns just kept right on sawin' their fiddles and blowin' their horns like they was back at the Ritz-Carlton ballroom where they come from! Until finally a regular twister of horses, wheels and busted-up chariots just plowed right through their plank oasis, tore up their harps and hymnbooks and charged straight on out the other side."

Injured horses ran loose everywhere, screaming pitifully, some with their flanks so badly ripped they seemed to be trailing scarlet bandannas instead of their own torn flesh. The Pharaoh's magnificent team of blacks, which had cost the studio five thousand dollars, got smashed up and permanently lamed.

Hank and Jack marveled at De Mille's apparent satisfaction with the footage obtained out of this debacle, but then a rumor swept Camp De Mille that someone had seen the axles of the lead chariot before the charge began and swore *that they had been sawed almost in half!* The newspaper people picked up the story and it was headlined in Hollywood, but De Mille laughed away the entire incident as "studio gossip."

THE following week the company moved from Santa Maria to Muroc Dry Lake in the middle of the Mojave Desert for the long-awaited Egyptian-Israelite battle scenes. By that time the climate was ripe for a confrontation between the cowboys and cannoneers.

One hundred Hollywood riders and the San Jose Band gathered on the hard-packed white sands under the rays of a rising sun that felt like molten lead. Their bodies had been painted from head to heel with brown make-up. They stood in their chariots or sat their restless mounts waiting for De Mille to give the signal for the charge. But instead, he pointed out the steep bluff down which he wanted the cowboys to race their teams and chariots as they fled before the Egyptian host. The cowboys sized up the job and objected.

"Hank and I got up a delegation," Jack said, "and we went over to the Old Man and told him we thought it was too dangerous—especially in the light of what had happened the week before and the useless slaughter of good horses."

" 'Mr. De Mille,' I says, 'you just can't put that many chariots hub to hub down that bluff and not lose somebody or bust up some horses.' "

De Mille listened to the cowboys' objections and then (as he himself told the story over the years) he decided to shame the cowboys into carrying out his plan. Calling to his eleven-year-old daughter Cecilia, who was riding her pony on the same hill, he ordered her to gallop down the slope at full speed. Complying delightedly, she made the descent at breakneck speed and without injury. Turning to the cowboys with a disdainful smile, De Mille said, "Well, if a little girl like Ciddy can do it, why can't you?"

"It's one thing to bring down a single rider, Mr. De Mille," Jack told him respectfully. "Any one of us could do that blindfolded. It's somethin' else to have fifty to a hundred men pile off it, with chariots and teams."

Jack then went on to inform De Mille that not only was the situation itself dangerous, but the artillerymen intended to use the occasion to make good their own claims to superior horsemanship by riding over every cowboy in their path.

"When I finished talking," Jack recalled, "he looked right through me and said, 'I must confess my sympathies are with the artillerymen.' "

Furious, the cowboy delegation went

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back to their companions, climbed into their chariots and saddles and waited stoically for the order to charge. De Mille stood on his raised platform scanning the spectacle through eyes slitted against the glare from the hard-packed white sands.

"Ready! Action! Camera!" came the familiar commands, and as one man, three hundred eager, brash artillerymen uncoiled their spring-tight horses and bolted toward the enemy. But in their path only a handful of San Jose cowboys picked their way down the bluff and made a stand against their assault. The main body of two hundred and seventy-five God-inspired, fearless, fighting Israelites sat quietly on the sidelines, their teams and fretful horses tightly reined, their gleaming chariots motionless. The San Jose boys scattered and Pharaoh's hosts, unopposed, kept right on going on toward the shores of the Red Sea.

His mighty spectacle ruined by the cowboys' willful insubordination, De Mille's rage was apocalyptic. Grabbing a megaphone, he addressed the entire hushed company of several thousand actors, extras and crewmen, denouncing the cowboys as cowards who were afraid to face the superior horsemanship of the "Egyptians" from San Francisco. In his memoirs he remembered fondly that no Pharaoh had ever used stronger language than he unleashed on the cowboys that day, but that they preferred being verbally skinned alive to taking their chances with the artillerymen.

What De Mille did not realize was that his public denunciation and groundless assumption of the cowboys' cowardice had cast the die for a bitter feud with them that would plague him for the next three decades.

A Sense of Justice

(Continued from page 13)

though several companies still prospered by selling supplies as far north as Canada to the newly organized Mounted Police. Cowan bought his supplies from the I. G. Baker Company until he discovered they overcharged him. Later he found their rivals (the T. C. Power and Brothers) completely reliable.

ALTHOUGH David Cowan would not admit it, he had lost his Midas touch. I have often wondered why this man of tremendous energy and daring decided to settle in the desolation of Cypress. (In fact, Cypress soon became a ghost town.) Perhaps he was vulnerable after so many failures. Whatever the reason, a Frenchman by the name of Supernault had convinced him that this region had a future. For one thing, Supernault had pointed out the quantities of buffalo bones left bleaching on the prairie.

Cowan set up an exclusive market with B. H. Hicks of the North West Bone Syndicate. Hicks in turn sold the bones to the Empire Carbon Works of East St. Louis, Missouri, for processing sugar. Cowan had no problem hiring local Indians and half-breeds, a sort of lost generation who had left Canada after the Riel Rebellion. In fact, the establishment of Fort Assinniboine was testimony to the recent struggles with the Plains Indians, especially the raiding Sioux. These refugees without lands or tribal organization had plenty of time to take their wagons great distances collecting buffalo bones to exchange for flour and lard. They also trapped muskrat, beaver, and coyotes, since Cowan paid well for pelts.

Neither the fur trade nor buffalo bones lasted, of course, though reliable authorities claim that the bone industry made over forty million dollars. The Empire Carbon works bought over one and a quarter million tons. I have no idea how many tons the Cowans shipped, but local Indians identified them with this trade by naming David Cowan "Bone Chief" and Willie "Little Bone Chief." The Cree words are *Wah-skon-a-now* and *Wah-skon-a-ka-mosis*. Later when the two "chiefs" established Cowan and Son, which still exists, the Indians referred to the firm in these terms.

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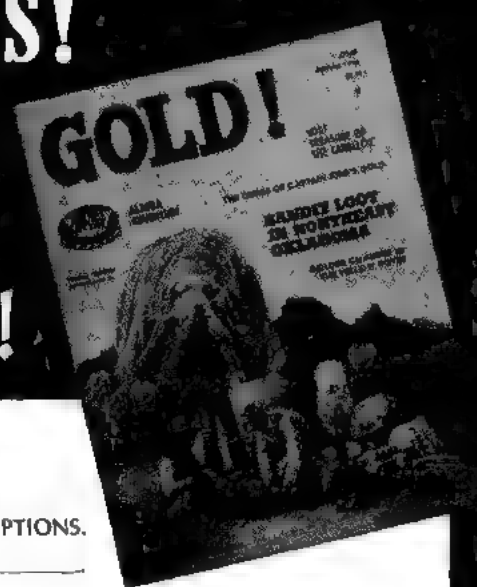

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The two men always treated the Indians fairly, and they did not sell them whiskey, a common practice in those days. Nevertheless, their trading post was close to the two remaining saloons, one owned by George Bickle and by Ole Olson. Olson's brother-in-law, Mike Healy, had built the two-room-house the Cowans rented.

That first winter, deer and antelope were so abundant that Cowan could buy a haunch for fifty cents, and Indian hunters provided a constant supply. Water and fuel were scarce, however, and fresh fruit and vegetables unobtainable. Years later David's fastidious wife laughed about the hardships, claiming she changed her dress every afternoon even when living in a tent.

One gray December day, David Cowan was on a trip to Fort Benton to pick up supplies. The sun was already beginning to set at four in the afternoon when the settlement suddenly came alive. Two strangers dressed in furs and cowboy hats dashed up to Olson's saloon in a red wagon drawn by a matched team of four horses. One of the men, called Red McConnell, left the horses in Olson's log barn. After a quick drink, he sauntered over to Cowan's store where young Will was in charge. Acting as though he owned the place, McConnell ordered the boy to open the store at four the next morning to load supplies for a trip into Canada. Everyone knew that McConnell dealt in home distilled whiskey which he smuggled across the border although the Canadian government banned its sale. The price was high enough to be worth the risk for a man like McConnell.

At four a.m. sharp, Willie kept his appointment, but there was no Red, no waiting wagon or team—just two long slashes cut into the canvas top of the store. Willie, facing the loss of several shelves of groceries, was determined not to panic. He carefully traced the tracks of the wagon and team, clearly marked in the fresh snow, to make sure McConnell was indeed the thief. For a short time he dreamed of overtaking the thieves but there was no place to borrow a fast team.

Several hours later when his father returned from Benton, they discussed their predicament with Ole Olson and learned that McConnell had lost all his cash in a poker game the night before. Obviously the easiest means to recover his loss was by helping himself to supplies which would take him to Canada and a fresh start.

Determined to get back his property, Cowan asked Olson to lend him a team and wagon; but the saloonkeeper, who had lived in that part of the world for some time, replied, "Are you prepared to shoot to get back your property?" Cowan, who did not even own a gun, was shocked.

Whether or not Olson was right, he claimed that McConnell was a desperate man who always carried a six-shooter and would challenge even the Canadian Mounties. Still, David and Willie wondered why Olson was so reluctant to lend them a wagon and horses, and were skeptical when Olson intimated that if McConnell recovered his losses, he might find a way to repay the stolen goods.

THE FAMILY accepted the theft stoically; after all, it was just another example of their bad luck of late. Their remaining capital had been spent on the move and stocking the store, so they had no choice but to keep the business going. Cowan estimated the loss of groceries at close to sixty dollars—mere chicken feed but a fourth of his total investment. This unexpected theft caused Will to have second thoughts about the romantic West, yet without complaint he worked hard and long with little time to call his own.

Weeks later, passing traders spread the rumor that McConnell had failed in his smuggling trip; Canadian police had arrested him at the border. Others asserted that Red was starting another distillery on Milk River close to Harlem, a town about forty miles east of Cypress.

One day in early spring David Cowan was astonished to receive a letter from none other than Red McConnell. Red was not only living in Harlem, but was willing to sell Cowan thirty tons of buffalo bones. You may be sure that Cowan lost no time in boarding a train. The first thing he saw when he stepped off the coach was a mound of buffalo bones, high as a haystack. Mr. Hicks, his business associate, rushed to his side. He repeated what Cowan already knew—that Red was selling a load of bones.

"I offered him eight dollars a ton for the lot," Hicks said.

"Isn't nine dollars the current price?" Cowan reminded him.

"Yes it is, but I planned to give you the profit to make up for your loss. He wouldn't sell. You better see him right away."

Cowan, needing no encouragement, rushed over to Red's saloon and asked McConnell his price. "Five dollars a ton," Red replied.

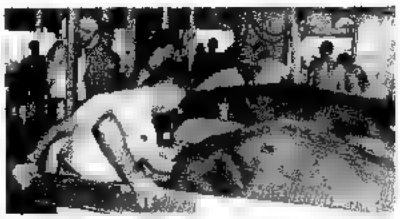
Cowan, a canny Scot as well as a man of few words, had borrowed some cash from Ole Olson and was able to pay Red $150 on the spot. Cowan never had any doubt about the justice of the transaction, for he had been out considerable expense, to say nothing of his anxiety during the winter about whether he could keep operating.

In his memoirs my father, Willie Cowan, summarized his and David Cowan's reaction to the whole episode:

"McConnell settled his bill in a rather roundabout way. There seemed to be a kind of code of honor among the cutthroats and desperadoes who lived by their wits, not to steal from people who were poor. It was all right to steal from the Government and the Railway Company; and to gamble and cheat to win at cards; or to run whiskey into Canada; but to steal from a poor man was not ethical. They were a funny sort of people who lived in Montana when we came here."

Before long the traders and trappers and more venturesome types gave way to the cowboys, the sheep ranchers, and finally the homesteaders. My father, who adapted to each change, enjoyed remembering the frontier, however—those precarious days when he and his father David Cowan ran the trading post. And this story of Red McConnell was one of his favorites.

CATTLEMEN



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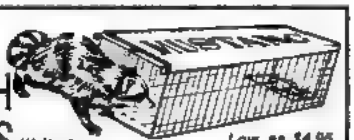

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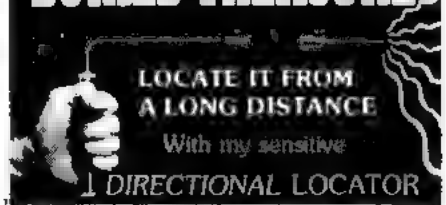

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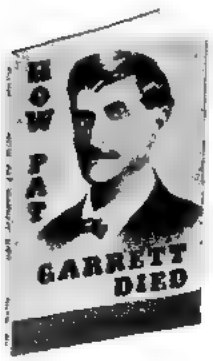

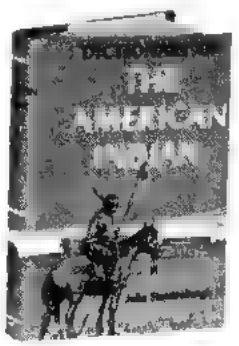

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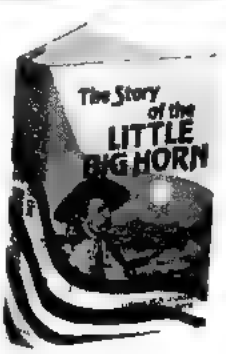

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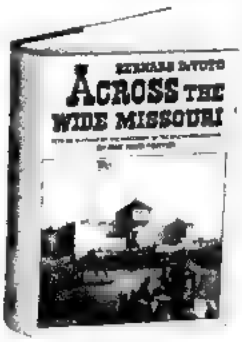

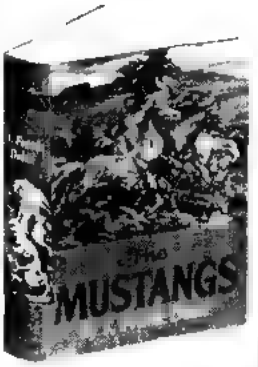

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Capture of Peg Leg

(Continued from page 29)

shallow canyon where a smattering of scrubby mesquite and bushes grew. They gave their horses rein and were soon at the scene of a tragedy.

Lying on the ground was a two-year-old steer, weakly moving his head and legs, and now and then giving out an agonized bawl. His paunch had been torn open and his intestines were strewn around on the ground. A hole had been torn in one hind-quarter and it was evident that some vicious animal had been making a meal while the steer was still alive.

Muttering curses, Hill pulled his six-shooter and put the poor animal out of his misery. Jim dismounted and began surveying the ground for tracks. "It's him, all right. It's Old Peg Leg," he exulted, "I can see his trademark." He pointed to several round marks in the dust. Peg Leg was an old lobo wolf that had been caught in a trap two years before and since then had killed an average of two cattle a week—over 200 head. He had a bounty on his head and had been run by every cowboy in the country. It was useless to try to catch him in a trap anymore.

HILL was scanning the country round about with a thoughtful gaze. "Jim," he said, "I believe we must have run him away when we came up, and the only way he could have gone without us seeing him is right up this little canyon. Let's run to the top of the hill and see if we can jump him."

They spread apart about 150 yards and galloped about a quarter of a mile to the top of the hill. Just as Jim reached the top he saw the old lobo running to his left under the brow of the hill. He stopped to call out to Hill but the foreman had turned to the right in the opposite direction and went out of sight without hearing Jim's call.

Jim debated going after Hill but he knew that the wolf must be kept in sight at all costs or they'd run the risk of losing him. After a second's hesitation, Jim turned his horse after the wolf at full speed. The wolf was at least 300 yards ahead at that time.

Jim gained rapidly until he was within 100 yards, but then he could gain no more. They continued on this way for over a mile. Realizing that it would be impossible to overtake the wolf in one straight run and that to continue pressing his horse would be the worst kind of folly, Jim turned in the saddle to see if Hill was following him. Together they could take turns with fair hopes of catching the old killer. Alone, it was doubtful, but he was determined to try. One thing was certain, he had to slow down and give his horse a breather or he was doomed to failure.

Jim pulled down to a slow lope and was gratified to see that the old lobo had slowed too, and so began one of the epic rides of the plains.

WHEN the buffalo roamed the plains, lobo wolves followed the herds in great numbers, living off the old, the weak, and the young. When the buffalo were gone, there was nothing left for the wolves but the fleet antelope and the long-eared jackrabbit until cowmen began to use the range for cattle which they had brought in from other places. The cow fell easier prey to the wolves than had the buffalo.

Cowmen hunted the wolves with long range guns which had been used previously for killing buffalo. They dug the young from their dens, and trapped the old ones with steel traps. Killing wolves became the first order of the day.

It had been two years since Peg Leg had fallen victim to a steel trap. He had run with the trap for miles before reaching a cave where he stayed hidden for a week until his foot came off. He was now a much wiser wolf.

Peg Leg became a loner and roamed a range of a hundred square miles. He seemed to know that he would be safer if he didn't stay too long in one place. He killed when he was hungry and never returned to a kill; to do so might result in being caught in the hated trap. In two years he killed enough cattle to stock a small ranch.

At first he preyed on calves or weakened animals—but that was before his foot had healed enough for him to walk on the stub. From this trademark he left at every kill he soon acquired the name of "Old Peg Leg." As time went on, he became widely known and hunted as an outlaw with a bounty on his head, yet he had escaped when it had seemed impossible for him to do so. He outran the fastest horses until their riders were forced to let him go because their horses were spent.

Jim Hoover had no intention of making that mistake. He was too good a horseman for that. Once again, he turned in the saddle to see if Hill was following, but Hill was nowhere in sight.

WHEN Jim again turned his attention to Peg Leg he saw that the wolf was veering to the left and heading for a chain of low hills which were covered with cedar trees and known as the "breaks."

Jim at once pulled far out to the left, hoping to turn Peg Leg toward more open country. When he did this, Peg Leg, not feeling so pressed, slackened his speed also. Gradually the wolf began to turn and Jim headed him south into more level terrain where the chase continued.

Mile after mile they ran, with Jim staying just close enough to keep the wolf in sight. Over a distance of ten more miles Traveler maintained enough speed to put pressure on the wolf, even though the horse was in a lather from head to tail. The sun was well up in the sky and its searing rays beat unmercifully on them, draining strength from the wolf, the horse, and Jim Hoover.

Unable to keep up the grueling pace, Peg Leg headed for some bushes and lay down in the shade. Jim also pulled to a halt. The wolf's huge jaws were hanging wide open and his tongue dangled limply from the corner of his mouth. Dismounting, Jim pulled the saddle from his mount, rubbed the sweat from Traveler with the blanket, and moved him

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around to keep him from getting stiff, all the while alert for any attempts by Peg Leg to sneak away.

Jim longed for Hamlin Hill's six-shooter and berated himself for not having brought his own. He could have ended the chase while the old wolf was lying in the shade a scant forty yards away. After five minutes or so the wolf raised himself slowly to his feet and started to walk away on stiffened legs. Jim at once threw the saddle back on Traveler and remounted to resume the chase. His face was grim. He had to put his loop around Peg Leg's neck; there was no other way to get him.

For the remainder of the morning, Jim set the pattern of galloping his horse for two or three miles at a pace he thought would eventually break the old killer. Then while Peg Leg rested and grew stiff in the shade, Jim rubbed down Traveler with the blanket. He was troubled that his faithful horse had to be pushed so hard, but there was no help for it. Never again did Jim Hoover want to witness a torn and mutilated steer, left to die a slow, painful death.

AT TIMES Jim had been as close to Peg Leg as thirty or forty yards, from which distance Jim had made short dashes hoping to get close enough to throw. But the canny old wolf always had enough reserve to keep out of reach of the loop.

About noon Jim estimated the distance they had covered. He had been chasing the lobo since seven in the morning at a rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. That added up to sixty or seventy-five miles with more to go. It consoled him some to see that Peg Leg was tiring considerably. At the same time, he had to admit that Traveler was tiring, too, even though he was still responding to the chase as if he had a personal grudge against Peg Leg. No longer did Jim have to urge his horse on; Traveler chose his own gait, artfully calculated and at a speed that his rider could not have *forced* him to go. Jim gratefully recognized this.

All morning as Jim raced across the Littlefield holdings, he had scanned the horizon hoping to see some of the ranch hands. Not one had he spotted. There seemed to be only three live creatures on the whole of the plains—Peg Leg, the puffing horse, and its grim-faced rider. As the day wore on, Jim began to have grave doubts that he could win the battle unless he changed his strategy.

Up to this point he had been making the wolf resume the chase. Now Jim made the stops longer to give Peg Leg more time to stiffen up. During these moments of truce Traveler was walked to keep him from cooling too fast. Jim knew that if the sweat dried on him, Traveler too would become too stiff to run.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a plan began forming in Jim's mind. He had come to a place where the bushes were closer together and rather leafy down to the ground. He found a suitable clump and herded Peg Leg to it. Then again, unsaddling his horse, he began rubbing him down.

Bone weary, Traveler stood with his head hanging down, his strength nearly gone. Jim was conscience-stricken. At the same time he was also exhausted and hungry, his mouth so dry that he couldn't moisten his swollen lips. His eyes were drawn into pinholes from squinting over the plains in his effort to keep the wolf in sight. Aching from tension, his body felt as if it had been dragged at the end of a rope for miles.

That Peg Leg's agony equaled that of his own and that of his horse he did not doubt. For a moment Jim thought of giving up. But he couldn't. He saddled up again and waited for Peg Leg to move, which the wolf seemed reluctant to do. Jim moved in behind the bush, sizing his loop and holding it ready. When he was completely hidden from Peg Leg's view, he charged in and gained thirty precious feet before the wolf could get to his feet. Jim knew that Traveler could not stay in the chase much longer; it was now or never. For the first time that grueling day he spurred his horse to get its ultimate speed. Traveler responded by giving all he had left in him.

TWENTY-FIVE feet separated them. Yet Jim dared not throw his loop. If he missed, neither he nor his horse could muster the strength to try again. Twenty-four, twenty-three. All motion seemed suspended as Jim leaned forward in the saddle, his loop ready, his eyes glued on the back of Peg Leg's head. Just a few more inches to gain. Now it was twenty feet. This was it. He twirled the loop around his head twice and whipped it out.

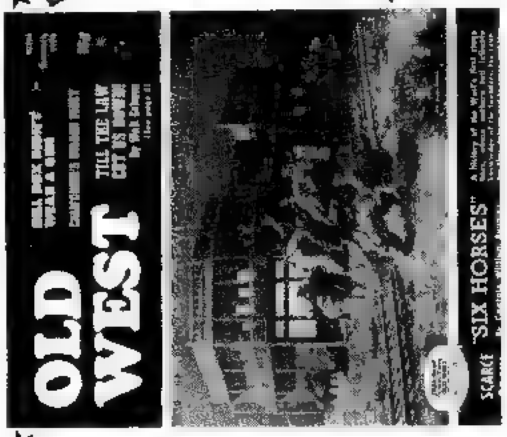
The chase was over. As the loop settled over Peg Leg's head, Jim pulled in the slack and without reducing speed, turned the horse off to one side. The rope tightened, dragging the wolf at the end of it. Remembering that he had some heavy snubnosed fencing pliers in their scabbard on the saddle, Jim brought Traveler to a stop, jerked them out and jumped down. The wolf lay without any movement. Cautiously, Jim approached. At closer range he could see that there was no breathing movement in the exposed side of the wolf. Peg Leg was dead; run to death. Probably he had not known anything after the rope had jerked around his neck. His glassy eyes were in a fixed stare and his teeth were bared in a sort of grin as if he figured that the last laugh was his, anyway.

Standing over the wolf, Jim remained in a fixed position, his shoulders sagging and his arms hanging loosely at his sides. A feeling of weakness came over him; he felt detached, as if he were seeing all of this from a great distance. He saw fleas crawling in the ears of the old wolf. He saw the maimed leg with the missing foot and knew that without that handicap Peg Leg would never have been caught.

Numbed as he was, Jim felt admiration for the old wolf whose courage and gameness had not wavered until the last breath was leaving his body. All day long there had been a kinship between them. Now as Jim raised his eyes and looked out over the vast and lonely country, he felt its desolation. He suspected that eventually the wolf would go the way of the buffalo.

Then Jim's gaze turned back to his

LOOK!



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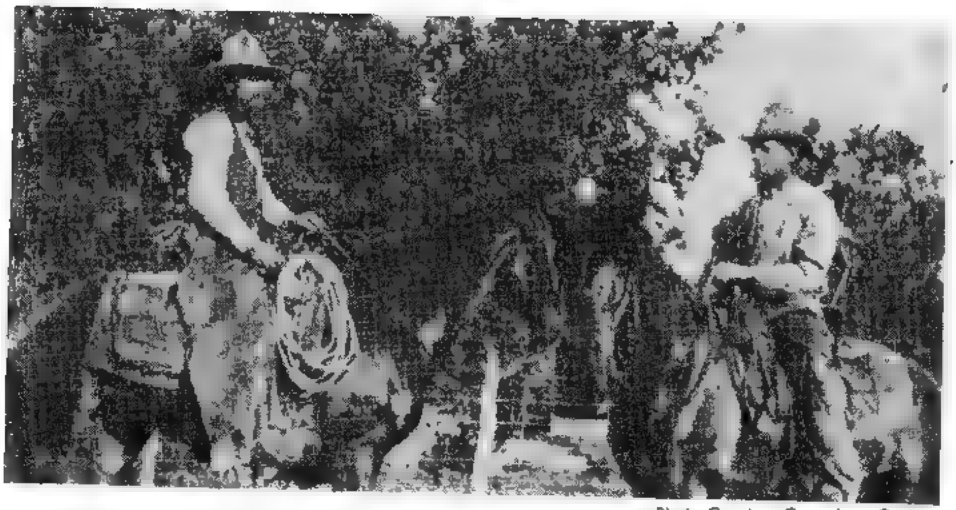

Photo Courtesy Georgiana Cooper

Mounted in working garb is Hamlin Hill, left.

steadfast horse, and he snapped back to reality. Traveler needed another rubdown and quickly. Jim patted him and praised him for his brave run.

During the rubdown, the weary cowboy debated his next move. Fifteen miles lay between him and the ranch. He couldn't force his horse that far even at a slow pace because now there was the added weight of the wolf. Jim had no intention of leaving Peg Leg there. He had to have proof that he had caught him.

The only alternative was a line camp, vacant now, but Jim knew there would be feed and water for the horse. For himself, he was not sure. There was usually some chuck on hand if pack rats hadn't carried it off or ruined it.

The task of loading Peg Leg on the saddle wasn't an easy one, for he weighed fully as much as Jim did, but he got it done. Then he started off, walking, and leading Traveler.

THERE was little emotion in Jim Hoover except that he had done the job he set out to do. Perhaps his moment of triumph would come, though, when tomorrow he would ride up to the ranch house and dump the stiff carcass of Peg Leg to the ground before the incredulous eyes of the other ranch hands.

Jim spent an hour at the line camp watering his horse. He let him have a few swallows at a time and then led him around and rubbed him until he felt sure that Traveler would have no permanent effects from his hard run. Next he went to the shack to look for something to eat. The old wall phone there was tied in with a community system and Jim cranked out the ring for headquarters.

When the cook answered, Jim told him where he was and that he had caught Old Peg Leg. He also told the cook that he wouldn't try to make it in that night.

In a short time the camp phone began to ring. Someone on the party line had heard the conversation and spread the word. Congratulations and offers of money poured in, headed by $25 from his employer, Phelps White. In the final count it amounted to well over $100, more than three months' wages.

For years afterwards when men got together to talk of great feats of riding, roping, and long rides on the plains, the capture of that stock-killing lobo wolf stood at the top. Peg Leg was just born too soon. In those days people killed any animal that began "eating on their living."

Note: We have just been informed that Jim Hoover was buried April 21, 1976. He was eighty-six.

Wyoming Horses and Mules

(Continued from page 15)

along the front that they pushed hay through to the mules. A driver, after tyin' his team up, would crawl through those windows and throw 'em some hay, and head for the cook house.

Calamity Jane had a sore neck, and I'd been showing that big old Missouri boy how to doctor it everyday, but that mule acted like a good bite out of the Missourian was what she wanted most. There was a door next to Calamity Jane's stall out where the hay was, but that feller would always crawl out the window to throw in the hay. He'd keep looking back at that mule while he crawled out, kicking one leg at her and cussing her. Then all at once, he'd dive through.

One day I was standing in the stall watching him, and just as he turned his head and started to dive through that window, I raised up and grabbed him by the hind end. He let out a yell and when he landed, he grabbed hisself in the back and started cussing that mule. Then he limped over and grabbed a pitchfork.

I jumped in front of the mule, and said, "Hold on there, you let that mule alone, what'd she do to you?"

"Do to me?" he said. "She darn near bit the hind end offen me!"

"Aw, I was right here, and if that mule bit you, I'm crazy," I said.

"You're sure as heck crazy then, if you think when a mule bites my hind end off I don't know it."

"I'll bet you a jug of whiskey you can't show us where she bit you."

"It's a bet," he said, and down come his pants. About that time we all started laughing. He felt of hisself where he thought he was bit, pulled up his pants, and walked off without limping. But you know, the Missourian never did offer to get me my jug of whiskey!

I GUESS everybody's got a mule story that he thinks will beat the other guy's, and this is mine.

There was a farmer had an old mule he'd been trying to sell for several months. He would lead him out of the barn and the old mule would stand with his head down, half-asleep, and no one would buy him. One day a man called up, said he wanted to buy a mule and was coming over. The farmer's wife said, "John, when that man comes to look at the mule, don't just let him stand half-asleep. Lead him out to the barn door and pull the halter off and hit him in the end with it so he'll run down in the pasture."

The farmer brought the mule to the door and pulled the halter off and hit the old mule and away he went down in the pasture, looking back. There was a big cottonwood tree in the pasture and the mule run into it head-on.

The man said, "I don't want that mule—he's blind!"

The farmer said, "Blind, hell! He just don't give a damn!"

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

Buffalo Wallow, MacKenzie's victory in the Battle of Palo Duro Canyon, the Wrinkled Hand Chase during the damp chill of fall and winter, and finally the pitiful capitulation of the warriors. Haley's work is based on contemporary records and correspondence and presents new insights to officer jealousies and competition for promotion and fame. The book is absorbing—a real spellbinder. Fifty-eight photographs and maps help the reader keep up with principal chiefs and officers and the events described.

ANIMAL GODS

The Hopi, Zuni and other Pueblo Indians of our Southwest are mainly agricultural people and are intensely interested in the animals that share their domain. To these people animals have special ceremonial and ritualistic powers as well as utilitarian values. Bears and mountain lions, for example, provide powers that can be used for healing, for war and for the hunt. Deer can be appealed to for aid in bringing rain for crops. Other animals have still different meanings and uses in ceremonial practices. Clans within pueblo social organizations have animal names such as the Antelope, Badger, Bear and Deer clans. Many of these same animals that are revered as spirits and gods are sources of food, clothing and ornaments for man. With religion and utility so interwoven, the hunting, killing and use of animals by the Pueblo Indians is usually highly ritualistic regarding seasons, conduct, and respect for the animal itself. In *Pueblo Animals and Myths* (University of Okla-

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homa Press, $8.95) Hamilton A. Tyler tells how animals came to be elevated to the status of spirits and gods and explains the roles that animals play in pueblo life. He also interjects considerable material from modern-life history studies of the fifteen or more mammals that he discusses. This book is Volume 134 of *The Civilization of the American Indian Series.*

SOUTHERN COLORADO FORTS

Early forts in the West were primarily developed by the War Department to protect first settlers against Indian tribes resentful of white invasions into their memorial homelands. *Old Forts of Southern Colorado* (Beckner Publications, 415 No. 15th St., Canon City, Colo. 81212, $2.95) by Raymond M. Beckner presents brief narratives as well as reproductions of paintings, drawings and photographs of seventeen of these old establishments and plazas. This reviewer had an opportunity to see most of the relicts or markers of these frontier fortresses. First to be recognized are Bent's first and second fortresses along the Arkansas River on the Santa Fe Trail. These were trading and rendezvous sites for wagon-trains, soldiers and Indians. Married to a Cheyenne, William Bent was able to cool down Indian tempers and save many white men's scalps. The oldest stockade was established by Zebulon Pike and party at the junction of the Rio Grande and the Conejos River in the San Luis valley in 1806-07. Obviously lost in Spanish Territory, Pike was captured by Spanish troops at the stockade and taken to Mexico before being released. A number of red-haired freckle-faced children there now are the result of romances beween Pike's men and Mexican women. Beckner has tucked in a goodly amount of local southern Colorado history into his brochure.

COUNTRY LIVING

Those seeking entertaining family reading will enjoy *Under the Blackjack Trees* (The Naylor Company, $4.95) by Libby Hames, the first baby born in Hoisington, Kansas, October 15, 1886. Later three-year-old Libby moved with her mother to the tent town of Oklahoma City where her father dragged his horse-powered water drilling rig behind a sturdy team of greys. Settlers moved there in covered wagons to claim rich areas for homes and croplands. Bluestem grass grew knee-deep in the open postoak and blackjack oak savannas. Libby's father prospered as there was constant need for water where surface supplies were nonexistent. When the Cherokee Strip was opened for settlement, Libby's father made "the run" and squatted on a lot in what became Perry, Oklahoma. Water sold for five cents a cup there, so her father sold his lot for five dollars and returned home. In time Libby married Will Hames and the young couple headed for New Mexico where they struggled on a dry farm. Grinding poverty on the farm discouraged them and they returned to Oklahoma where they reared their children. The Libby Hames' story comes from one of the few remaining pioneers who saw the open fenceless prairies, and herds of wild maverick ponies. She was a country schoolteacher whose main source of entertainment was church and school suppers and dances. The art of country living is described for those who never cooked on a wood stove or ironed clothing with a flatiron. Too bad a few of the family photographs are blurred and vague.

WESTERN LIT

The reprinting of the long OP and much sought *Bransford in Arcadia* (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.95) by Eugene Manlove Rhodes was long overdue. Not only was it one of Gene's best but its literary importance earned it a place as Volume 51 in The Western Frontier Library. W. H. Hutchinson's introduction is informative indeed, and the dust wrapper illustration is by W. H. D. Koerner. A bargain.

STARRING TOM MIX

Tom Mix, one of the early movie cowboys, became a hero to millions of youngsters during the 1920s and '30s. *Tom Mix Died For Your Sins,* (Delacorte Press, $8.95), by Darryl Ponicsan is an historical novel about the cowboy movie hero. It lets the reader in on Tom's private life as a rodeo and circus performer and woman chaser. A natural charmer with young and old of both sexes, according to the author, he worked himself into many lucrative enterprises but lost out because of poor business ability, self-adoration, booze and women. Tom made his start on Col. Zack Miller's big ranch in south-central Oklahoma. There he learned how to punch cows, break broncos to ride, and practice with other riders for events in Col. Miller's Wild West Show performed in populated waterholes in North America and Europe. Bronc and stunt riding were his best events. Ponicsan presents the people's hero as a fraud and prevaricator who won his credits on personality projections and fake publicity. Nevertheless, Tom won international admiration while performing in 260 Western movies, plus hundreds of rodeos and circus events. Old Blue, his first real cowhorse, gets far more coverage than his famous movie horse, Tony. A reckless spendthrift, Tom frittered away fortunes made as a movie and rodeo cowboy and died owing creditors more than the sale value of his estate. This information checks out reasonably well with the known facts about Tom's life. While the book will be read by some sophisticated readers, the author will lose the juvenile trade as parents will shy away from it because of the needless use of objectionable four-letter words common to the vocabularies of cowboys, sheepherders, rodeo hands, railroaders, and athletes.

GOOD RAILROADIANA

Union Pacific Country (University of Nebraska Press, $5.95 paper, $17.50 cloth) is a Bison Book reprint of Robert G. Athearn's railroad classic first published in 1971 by Rand McNally and Company. Union Pacific officials became interested in an objective history of the railroad—an interest fanned by the rash of railroad books which appeared during the 1971 centennial of the transcontinental railroad and famed celebration at Promontory, Utah. Between 1862 and 1898 Union Pacific had become an empire of many large and small lines stretching from the Missouri River to the Pacific Northwest and from Montana to Texas. In 1862 Congress passed a bill proposing the building of a railroad through the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains. The Great American Desert had been passed over by frontiersmen and settlers anxious to reach California, Oregon, or the gold mines of the mountain states. Congress offered the Union Pacific Railroad Company a land grant of ten sections (6,400 acres) for every mile of road built, plus loans of from $16,000 to $48,000 a mile depending on the difficulty of the terrain. The railroad was built, but in spite of the heavy government subsidies, it eventually faced economic disaster and in 1893 branch lines and even the main body of the company went into receivership. Reorganized as the Union Pacific Railroad Company in 1898 and consisting of the road between Council Bluffs, Iowa and Ogden, Utah the company began to grow and add the other lines back into the system. The impact of the railroad on the West and its people was taken for granted by many. Athearn's book is an important addition to the history of the American West and is now available to everyone. Fifty-four photographs and seven maps, extensive notes and references, and an index add to the usefulness of the text.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 49)

Goodson) was born December 21, 1883 in Kent County, Delaware. He was said to have Cherokee ancestry. He enrolled as a private in Co. H, 85th Reg., Indiana Vol. at Farmersburg August 15, 1862. He was stationed at Marietta, Georgia and mustered out June of 1865.

Another elusive part of this family is J. W. Atteberry. His son James, Jr. was born September 30, 1866 and married Miss Cole in 1893, supposedly in Iowa. Their daughter Ahleta, born 1898, married Thomas L. Godwin. He was born in 1896 in Jasonville, Indiana. They were married in 1916 in Caddo, Okla. and had four children there. Thomas is a son of William. I will appreciate all information on these people.—Nita Godwin, 3220 Industrial Avenue, Springfield, Oregon 97477

Jesse Eugene Cooper

I will appreciate any information on Jesse Eugene Cooper who lived in the Williamson County, Texas area.—Fred C. Smith, Jr., Rt. 3, Box 125E, Georgetown, Texas 78626

Williams-Blue-Fields

My Grandfather Williams came from the South and moved to southeast Missouri where he had a lumber company. Names that married into the family were Blue and Fields. I am seeking information going back into the South, and any help will be appreciated.—Robert Joe Williams, 1505 E. Blaine, Woodburn, Oregon 97071

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